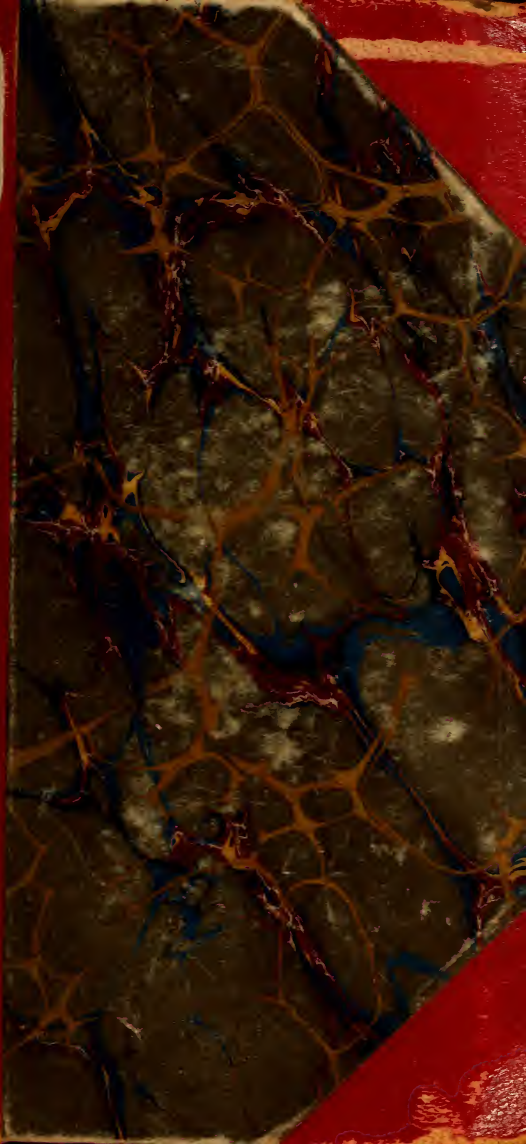


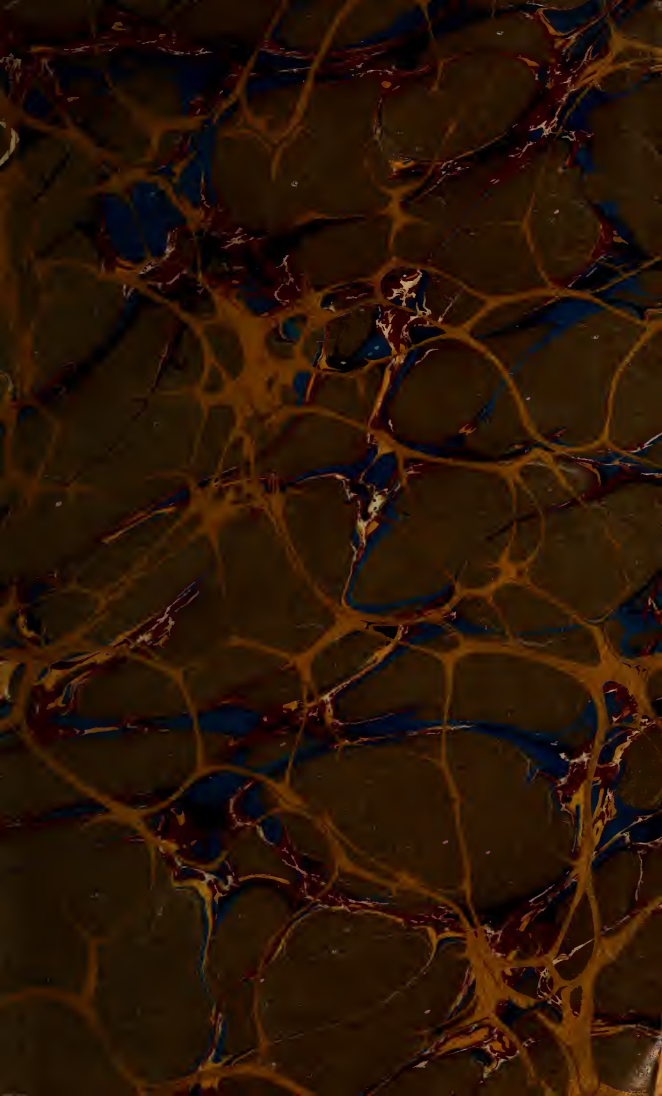
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THE
FAREWELL AND OCCASIONAL
ADDRESSES

William Henry Wood
DELIVERED BY
W. H. MURRAY, ESQ.,
"

IN THE
THEATRES ROYAL AND ADELPHI,
EDINBURGH;

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

~~~~~  
" Hail to the Theatre! where genius' thoughts,  
Depicted on the stage's mimic world,  
Raise the rapt soul to their own standard high  
Of intellectual loveliness!"

~~~~~  
EDINBURGH:
JAMES G. BERTRAM & CO., PERIODICAL EMPORIUM,
27 HANOVER STREET.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publishers, in putting forth this collected edition of Mr MURRAY'S "*Farewell and Occasional Addresses*," deem it necessary to state that they have done so without consulting or having any communication with that gentleman on the subject.

The Publishers believe that this little volume contains the whole of the Addresses which it is possible to procure—the files of all the Edinburgh newspapers having been carefully searched for the purpose of making the work as complete as possible.

Various allusions in the Addresses would point to an earlier date for the commencement of these "tributes;" but the Publishers infer that the very early ones were not "set speeches," but mere *impromptus* delivered on the spur of the moment in answer to the call of the audience; and that, hence, they did not find their way into the columns of the newspapers.

27 HANOVER STREET,
1st October 1851.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE THEATRE IN EDINBURGH.

THE origin of plays in Edinburgh is involved in great obscurity, and the history of the drama in the metropolis of Scotland is one of fitful encouragement and meagre results; the patronage of royalty being hardly sufficient, at one time, to protect it from the ignominious expulsion so ardently desired by the early reformers, who were loud in their denunciations against it.

In the earlier stages of its history are to be found various notices of religious theatrical representations, performed principally by parties of domestics, and originating evidently in the church. The first approach to regular dramatic composition after this period was Sir David Lindsay's "Pleasant Satyre of the Three Estatis," a piece, which, we are told by Charteris, was performed in 1544 before the Queen Regent, and which so far surpasses the efforts of contemporary English dramatists as to render the barrenness of the Scottish muse in this department of literature afterwards the more apparent. James VI. was fond of this kind of amusement, and issued a mandate to his clergy to drop their censures of theatrical representations, which at certain periods during his reign they used periodically to anathematize. The civil wars in the reign of Charles I., and the gloomy fanaticism which spread itself among the people, left neither leisure nor inclination for the intellectual amusements of the stage, and the striking changes that then occurred almost obliterated all trace of theatrical representations until after the Restoration. In the early days of acting, the players were attached to the household of the King,

or his brother, the Duke of York. They also wore a kind of uniform or livery, and were termed respectively *the King's* or *the Duke's servants*, and in that character they were followers of the courts of the king, or of the duke, their master; and in this situation we accordingly find a party of them at Holyrood with the Duke of York in the year 1680, no doubt contributing greatly to the amusement of the court and the courtiers.

The misfortunes attending the duke's journey on his return to England, the political fever of his reign, and the sullen bigotry into which that fever subsided in the time of his successor, once more dissipated so effectually all ideas of polite or rational amusement, that no return of the drama is to be traced in Scotland, even in the reign of Queen Anne, the Augustan age of her sister country; and it was not until after the ferment excited by the Union, and the confusion attendant on the memorable rebellion of 1715 had subsided, that any stage-players thought of venturing a trial of fortune in the Modern Athens.

The first of these was Signora Violante, an Italian posture mistress, celebrated for feats of strength, and whom Arnot describes as "a virago." She fitted up a temporary theatre at the bottom of Carrubber's Close, and collected a company of English comedians, who met with much encouragement from such portion of the inhabitants as were play-goers. For some years after this period, a company of strollers annually visited Edinburgh. From a certain quarter, however, they met with great opposition, the clergy having a most illiberal and violent animosity against the stage, the players, and the eloquence that

"Stirs the blood and fires the brain."

So lately as in the year 1727, the Magistrates and Presbytery of Edinburgh endeavoured to expel the comedians from the boundaries of the city. However, notwithstanding the active fulminations of the clergy and magistrates, the players held their ground, and continued to act in the very teeth of their opposition. The itinerant companies who at this period visited the city, having been driven from their stronghold in Carrubber's Close, usually rented the Taylor's Hall in the Cowgate, which they fitted up as a temporary theatre; the prices of admission were, for the boxes and pit, 2s. 6d.; and for the

Gallery, 1s. 6d. The clergy again assailed and preached against "the house of the Devil" more bitterly than ever, but it was not without its defenders; and the Professors of the College, and several of the most respectable inhabitants, came forward to support the players thus persecuted into popularity. A spirit of party was thus engendered, which became of great benefit to the success of the "Theatre," and so great did the attendance become, that the Taylor's Hall was soon found to be insufficient to accommodate the numerous spectators.

During this brief glimpse of prosperity the company differed among themselves; and a factious performer having engaged in his party the late Mrs Ward, then in the bloom of her youth and beauty, attempted to ruin the manager of Taylor's Hall, by setting up a rival house. An area was pitched upon to the west of St John Street, Canongate, and the foundation-stone laid in August 1746, by Mr John Ryan of Covent Garden, an actor of distinguished merit. No sooner were the doors opened, than the Taylor's Hall was deserted, and the manager ruined. The success of the new house was for one season greatly enhanced by the following circumstance:—One Robert Drummond, a printer, had been sentenced by the magistrates to be pilloried, and banished the city for a twelve-month, for printing a defamatory poem, or libel, reflecting upon the Duke of Cumberland, and certain zealous Whigs. His printing-house being shut up, and his journeymen and apprentices set idle in consequence of the sentence, it was contrived that the pastoral comedy of the *Gentle Shepherd* should be acted by these journeymen and apprentices for the behoof of their distressed master. As the sentence against Drummond was deemed rigorous, and as it had become a party affair, the scheme of a play was wonderfully relished, and the play repeatedly performed before such crowded houses, that it was found necessary to erect occasional galleries over the stage for the convenience of spectators.

The Canongate Theatre, under the management of Mr Lee, soon began to get into difficulties, with which the manager contrived to struggle for a considerable period, bringing down various performers of merit from London, in order, if possible, to get the theatre out of debt. This method, however, only added to his liabilities, and the theatre speedily changed hands. Some of the members of the College of Justice having been

security for Mr Lee's debts, the property fell into their hands, and they appointing a Mr James Callender, merchant in Edinburgh, to act for them, the celebrated actor Digges, who was then at Dublin, was engaged as stage-manager. Lee, of course, complained heavily of these proceedings. He insisted that the conveyance granted by him was merely a mode of security, not a deed of sale: that he had been imposed upon as to the form of the writ, and taken advantage of in the price for the subject, which was no more than L.500, while the property was truly worth L.1700. To obtain redress of his grievances, Mr Lee brought an action before the Court of Session, and a party was formed to oppose the new managers. After two or three pleadings the action was dropped, and Mr Digges' figure and address defeated the opposition.

After the Rebellion of 1745, the divided spectators frequently displayed in the theatre a spirit of political dissention. Upon the anniversary of the battle of Culloden, 1749, this animosity rose to a height which threatened consequences of a serious nature. Certain military gentlemen who were in the play-house called out to the band of music to play *Culloden*.* This was regarded by the audience as ungenerously and insolently upbraiding the country with her misfortunes. Resenting it, accordingly, they ordered the band to play, *You're welcome, Charles Stuart*.† The musicians complying, instantly a number of officers attacked the orchestra with drawn swords, and leaped upon the stage. Among them was the son of a chieftian, who had drawn the Pretender on to his rash attempt, by offering to join him with his clan, and who, upon the Prince's landing, raised his clan, it is true; but, instead of fulfilling his engagements, joined the royal army. This young gentleman, leaping upon the stage, to display the zealotry of his loyalty, slipped his foot, and fell flat upon the stage. The spectators being tickled with the circumstance, an immense peal of laughter burst through the house, which exasperated the indignation of the officers: Meantime, fiddlesticks being unable to cope with polished steel, the musicians fled; but the military were not long able to remain masters of the field. They were assailed from the galleries with apples,

* A tune composed in order to keep up the remembrance of the bloody defeat of an unfortunate party.

† A song of the Jacobite party.

snuff-boxes, broken forms, in short, with everything missile that could be laid hold of. The officers at once consulted their safety, and went in quest of revenge by quitting the stage, in order to attack the galleries, which they stormed, sword in hand. The inhabitants of these upper regions defended themselves from the fury of the soldiers by barricading their doors. The Highland chairmen, learning the nature of the quarrel, with their poles, attacked the officers in the rear, who, being neither able to advance nor retreat, were obliged to surrender at discretion, leaving the chairmen masters of the field. Luckily, no misfortune of any consequence happened in this fray; and to prevent similar disturbances, bills were next day pasted up, wherein it was notified, in large rubrics, that, for the future, the band of music was not to play any tunes at the desire of the audience, but select pieces appointed by the managers.

The production of the Rev. John Home's tragedy of *Douglas* was a great event in the history of the Theatre in Edinburgh. After the Presbyterian clergy had railed against the stage for upwards of a century and a half, it was a matter of no small mortification to them to behold a play written by one of their own order, acted in presence of several of their number, and received with universal applause. The tragedy was first performed in Edinburgh on the 14th December 1756. It was acted, for successive nights, before persons of all ranks and professions, and had a run unprecedented in the annals of any theatrical piece exhibited in Scotland. The presbytery at once took the alarm. They called before them such ministers within their district as had witnessed the performance of the play, and passed upon them a sentence of temporal suspension from the pastoral office. They, at the same time, wrote circular letters to those presbyteries in which any clergyman belonging to them had been present at the theatre, recommending rigorous proceedings against them. They went about to misrepresent the conduct of a certain clergyman, while in the play-house, interpreting into riotous behaviour a conduct that was, in all respects, manly, honourable, and decent. With regard to the play itself, they attacked it on account of its pretended irreligious and immoral tendency, alleging, in support of their charge, that there were certain impious invocations, or mock prayers, in it, and an expression of horrid swear-

ing; besides that it encouraged suicide, and generally advancing all the cant and bigotted arguments usually put forth on such occasions. As to the author, he was cited to appear before his own presbytery, to answer the libel brought against him. But the poet, foreseeing the disagreeableness of his situation, and, perhaps, having no violent attachment to his profession, declined an appearance before his brethren, at the expense of resigning his pastoral charge. With respect to their flock, the presbytery drew up an *act and exhortation*, which was read from all the pulpits, and afterwards made its appearance in some periodical publications. In this address, the presbytery, after making the hackneyed complaint of the growth of immorality and irreligion, set forth, either from involuntary ignorance, or with deliberate falsehood, that the Christian had, in all ages, condemned dramatic representations—a circumstance not worth commenting on in this enlightened age, when all classes of the people have a proper appreciation of the elevating tendency which characterises the labours of the dramatist.

One of the greatest riots, with the exception of the celebrated O. P. Row, ever seen in a theatre, took place in that of Edinburgh, on the occasion of the production of *High Life below Stairs*. Although it is the province of the stage to lash the vices, and ridicule the follies of people in all ranks, yet, when this piece was brought out in Edinburgh, the footmen, taking it in high dudgeon that a farce reflecting on their fraternity should be exhibited, resolved that it should be no more performed. Accordingly, upon the second night of its being announced in the bills as a part of the entertainment, Mr Love, one of the managers, came upon the stage, and read a letter, containing the most violent threatenings, both against the actors and the house, in case the piece should be represented, declaring that above seventy people had agreed to sacrifice *favour, honour, and profit* to prevent it. Notwithstanding this fulmination, the performances were ordered to go on. That servants might not be kept in the cold, nor induced to tipple in adjacent ale-houses, while they waited for their masters, the humanity of the gentry had provided that the upper-gallery should afford gratis admission to the servants of such persons as were attending the theatre. Yet these spectators, who were admitted, as it were, for nothing, presumed to

forbid the entertainment of their masters, because it exposed their own glaring vices. The farce was no sooner begun than the combined footmen commenced a vigorous opposition. It was in vain that their masters commanded them to be silent. Their opposition only seemed to feed the flame, and although the gentlemen in the boxes were quite able to recognise each his own servant, and to call him to account, it was not till after a vigorous battle, in which the servants were completely overpowered by their masters, and then thrust out of their gallery for ever, that peace was restored, and the play, which has ever since been a favourite in Edinburgh, allowed to proceed with the usual regularity and quietness.

The extension of Edinburgh by the projection of the New Town soon rendered the old part of the city an unfavourable spot for the prosperity of the theatre, and, in accordance with the advancing spirit of the times, a royal patent was secured for a house to be built in the modern part of the city. The first holder of the patent was a Mr Ross, at that time a "principal performer" at Covent Garden, who secured this privilege by paying off some old debts, amounting to £1100, incurred by the gentlemen who had formerly taken an interest in "the old town concern," who in this manner were very glad to get out of a pecuniary scrape into which their fondness for theatrical amusements had unwarily drawn them.

Mr Ross, being in possession of the patent, set about the erection of a suitable building, which, it is scarcely necessary to say, is the present barn-like edifice, which produces the double effect of disgusting spectators by its own deformity, and obstructing the view of one of the finest buildings in the empire. Mr Ross being, like a great many of the members of his profession, a poor man, had some difficulty in the devising ways and means of raising money to defray the expense of the proposed edifice. The mode ultimately resorted to was a proposition to raise £2500 in so many shares of £100 each, security being given on the building, the patent, the wardrobe, scenery, machinery, &c., &c. Each share was to pay three per cent. of interest to the holder, besides giving a privilege of free admission upon all occasions of the building being open. The building was commenced in 1768, and the house was opened in December 1769, at a total expense of about £5000. The prices of admission were—three shillings to the pit and

boxes, two shillings to the lower gallery, and one shilling to the upper one. At these rates the house held about £140 sterling, being nearly double the sum which the Canongate theatre held.

The falling of the North Bridge was a great blow to the theatre. At one fell swoop it cut off the best communication between the populous districts of old Edinburgh and the, at that time, scantily populated New Town, containing the temple of the drama. The indifference of the company, too, gave little inducement to people to put themselves out of the way to visit a house of entertainment so difficult of access. The manager exclaimed loudly, in his own defence, that good actors, in consequence of the fall of the bridge, would not engage with him. Be that as it may, however, his campaign was a very unsuccessful one. We suspect he trusted too much to the novelty of the mere building, and neglected the one grand and first requisite of success as a theatrical manager—the gathering together of a first-rate company.

The theatre was now a legalised entertainment in Edinburgh. It was only, however, in December 1767, that the establishment was placed under the protection of the law, and on that occasion a prologue, suited to the occasion, was delivered by Mr Ross, in which the royal grant was thus noticed:—

“This night lov'd George's free enlightened age
Bids *royal favour* shield the Scottish stage.
His Royal favour ev'ry bosom cheers;
The drama now with dignity appears.”

Mr Ross soon tired of his managerial cares; and, in a fit of disgust and disappointment, he let the theatre for three years to Mr Foote. That gentleman engaged a first-rate company, and the result was, that, after paying all expenses, he was the gainer at the end of the season of a clear £1000. But, Foote having concerns of more importance in London, to which it was necessary he should devote his whole attention, speedily retired from the management, and gave over his lease to Messrs Digges and Bland, who had possession of it for some years. It was afterwards rented by Mr Corrie, then by Mr Wilkinson, and afterwards by Mr John Jackson, the historian of the Scottish stage.

This gentleman got possession on November 10, 1781. He

put the house into a thorough state of repair, furnished it anew with scenery, ornaments, properties, and wardrobe. His resident company of performers was also first-rate, and, under his management, the citizens had the gratification of seeing Mrs Siddons, Mrs Jordan, and the other unrivalled *artistes* of the day. As a contrast to the grandiloquent managerial puffs of the present time we take the liberty of giving Mr Jackson's address:—

“ TO THE PUBLIC.

“ I do myself the honour of seizing the earliest opportunity of informing the ladies and gentlemen of the city of Edinburgh that the superintendence of the Theatre-Royal has at length fallen to my lot. The task is always arduous, and in the present instance rendered still more difficult from the shortness of the time allowed me for the necessary preparations for the season, my agreement with Mr Ross for the purchase of the theatre not having been concluded till the 10th of the present month. Even with this additional inconvenience, I embrace the situation with pleasure. Naturalised, as it were, by inclination and a long residence in Scotland, I cannot help looking forward with a glow of satisfaction on an appointment which flatters me with a pleasing expectation of passing the latter part of my life in a country, for which, from my earliest years, I have ever entertained the strongest attachment. The difficulties I must necessarily at present encounter, shall be combated by an unremitted perseverance. As a servant of the public, I shall think myself bound, on all occasions, to make my opinion subservient to their wishes. A predilection to representations that exhibit those moral principles that the stage was intended to promote, and a constant endeavour to procure the most capital performers that can be had, to fill the various characters, shall claim my first attention in the appointment of every theatrical exhibition,” &c., &c.

“ JOHN JACKSON.”

Although our space is much limited at present, it would be unpardonable were we to overlook the first appearance of Mrs Siddons on the stage of Edinburgh. The admirable performances of this gifted woman had drawn upon her the admiration of all classes of the people, both in England and Ireland. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the learned *savans* of the capital of Scotland were longing to behold this wonder-

ful goddess of tragedy. For the purpose of inducing her to visit Edinburgh, a committee of noblemen and gentlemen made up a purse of the value of £200 to be presented to her, as an addition to what was agreed upon by Mr Jackson. The following is the supposed result, in a pecuniary view, of this first visit to Edinburgh :—

Half of the house (deducting expenses)			
for nine nights	£467	7	7
Committee's purse	200	0	0
Benefit, at raised prices	180	0	0
Presents, plate, gold—tickets, &c., &c.	120	0	0

Making a total sum of£967 7 7

which was looked upon, at that time, as something quite enormous.

The sensation produced in Edinburgh by Mrs Siddon's first visit was tremendous, and the crowds that assembled on the occasion have never since been equalled. It is a well-known fact that porters slept on the street on bundles of straw, in order to be close to the box-office on its being opened for the disposal of places, and thus have an opportunity of securing tickets for their employers. On the first evening of performance, immense crowds besieged the doors to take their chance of gaining admittance, and, we believe, the line of carriages engaged in setting down the box company extended half-way along Princes Street. On the first evening of her performing, the house was densely packed—every available corner from which a glimpse of the stage could be seen, or a word from the performer be heard, being occupied. When the lady entered in view of the audience, a silence deep as death was her only welcome. This continued for some time, until at last one individual in the gallery became roused by the almost super-human grandeur of the acting, gave vent to his admiration, by exclaiming at the conclusion of one of her well-known bursts of passionate feeling—"that's no bad though." This homely exclamation, acting as a charm, at once dissolved the lethargy of the audience, and peal upon peal of applause reverberated through the house, acting, no doubt, as a great charm to the almost wounded feelings of the great actress, who always declared that there was nothing so necessary to the actor or actress as the applause of the audience, which served to give them a brief

respite of breathing time, to recruit their lost strength, and recover their wonted energies.

Most of the great performers of the day were engaged by Mr Jackson. Among others, Mrs Jordan, Mr Pope and Mrs Pope, Mrs Kennedy, "the celebrated singer," Mr Lee Lewes, Mr Fennell, Mrs Percy, Mr King, Miss Farren, Miss Kemble, Mr John Kemble, and many more whom we have not space to enumerate. It may be interesting to our readers if we present them with some idea of the financial state of the theatre during Mr Jackson's management. Thus in 1789, the income amounted to

-	-	-	-	£5180	5	0
While the expenditure was				4454	1	5

Leaving a profit of				£726	3	7
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In 1790, the income is stated at	-	£5275	8	6
The expenses are reckoned at	-	5297	1	11

Leaving in that year a loss of				£21	13	5
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The weekly expenses to performers amounted, in 1790, to £100, 3s. ; and the sum put down for lights, music, servants, gas, &c., &c., is £60, 5s. Mr Jackson also paid out a great many large sums for repairs, painting, scenery, machinery, &c., in order to make the house as complete and perfect as possible.

Towards the end of his period of management, it would seem that Mr Jackson had got into difficulties, and it was resolved that Mr Stephen Kemble, the eminent provincial manager, should be associated in the management, on the condition of paying a rent of £1300, and giving Mr Jackson half the profits. Mr Kemble, at the same time, to have a salary for his services as manager.

The following is a list of the permanent company engaged by Mr Foote in 1771 :—

Mr Foote,	Mr Robson,
... Woodward,	... Miller,
... Weston,	... Waker,
... Sowdon,	... Bain,
... Jackson,	... Knowles,
... Vendermore,	... Vowell,
... Lancashire,	... Farrel,
... Didier,	... Dancer,

Mr Gentleman,
... Fearon,

Mr Maurell,
... Collins.

Mrs Baker,
... Jackson
... Jewel,
... Didier,

Mrs Waker,
... Fearon,
... Farrel,
... Collins.

List of the company performing in Edinburgh in 1790 under
Mr Jackson :—

Mr King,
... Pope,
... Wilson,
... Wood,
... Lamash,
... Moss,
... Williamson,
... Archer,
... Taylor,
... Lowe,
... Mapples,
... Jackson,

Mr Hallion,
... Bell,
... Bland, senior,
... Bland, junior,
... J. Bland,
... Charteris,
... Charteris, junior,
... Sparks,
... Woodroffe,
... Bonville,
... Mountfort.

Mrs Esten,
... Barresforde,
... Taylor,
... W. Wells,
... Sparks,
... Woods,
... Jackson,

Mrs Lowe,
... Clarke,
... Charteris,
... Archer,
... Mountfort,
... Bland,
Miss Fontenelle.

After the agreement between Jackson and Kemble had expired, the latter gentleman resolved upon commencing a new establishment solely on his own account. With this view, he fitted up the Circus, and engaged the following ladies and gentlemen as members of the new theatre :—

Mr Kemble,
... Lee Lewes,
... Woods,
... Archer,
... Swendal,
... Fox,

Mr Edwin,
... Bell,
... Sparks,
... Whitmore,
... Moreton,
... Clark,

Mr C. Kemble,
 ... Siddons, junior,
 ... Price,

Mr Ruberry,
 ... Crew.

Mrs Kemble,
 ... Lee Lewes,
 ... Woods,
 ... Ruberry,

Mrs Walcott,
 ... Edwin,
 Miss Ross,
 ... Satchell.

Kemble opened on the 21st January 1793; Jackson's friends, of course, went to law in defence of his patent. The Lord Ordinary interdicted Kemble, and he reclaimed against the interdict, but the Lords determined against the New Theatre, and "by this decree," says Jackson, "the Theatre-Royal was established in its natural and ancient privileges, and once more opened with the fulness of its powers."

Having alluded to Stephen Kemble's attempt to convert the Circus into a Theatre, we may mention that that building is now the Adelphi. The successive revolutions which have happened to this unfortunate house deserve to be remarked. After it was relinquished by Kemble, it was made into a place of worship. It was then fitted up by Mr Corri as a Ball and Concert Room, and again transformed into a Theatre in 1810; and after again being transformed into a Ball Room, was, in 1817, restored to its original destination, under the title of the Pantheon. In this state it continued till 1822, when it was fitted up as the Caledonian Theatre, for the performance of pieces not protected by the patent of the larger house. It has been successively occupied by a great number of managers, including Mr Ryder, Mr Alexander, Messrs Murray, Yates, &c., and, once again, the scene is to change, Mr Wyndham having become lessee, in opposition to Lloyd at the Theatre-Royal, and, from the host of friends by whom he is to be supported, it is expected that he will make a hit as a manager.

WE come now to the more modern part of our subject, and with this division of our history it becomes necessary to introduce Mr W. H. Murray. This gentleman is the son of a Mr Murray, who, during the latter part of last century, was esteemed an excellent actor, and his grandfather was Sir John

Murray of Broughton, secretary to Prince Charles during the Rebellion of 1745. When quite a child, Mr Murray, we believe, made his first appearance on the stage as *Puck*, at the Theatre Royal, Bath, then, along with the other theatres of the circuit, under the management of his father. At Drury Lane, under that great master of his art, the illustrious John Kemble, Mr Murray was intrusted with what is technically termed "little business," that is, he played some of the minor characters in the plays which that gentleman produced, and it is said that the first part he played at Old Drury, was a very short one indeed, consisting merely of the words—

"My Lords,—The King comes."

This "line of business" continued for a few years, and we then find Mr Murray a member of the Caledonian Theatre in "our own romantic town." In Edinburgh, at first, he was no favourite, and, night after night, he was hissed and laughed at, but *nil desperandum* was evidently his motto. His industry was untiring; he took great pains with whatever part he was intrusted, and this soon worked a change on his audience, as we shall speedily see.

In 1809 the patent of the Theatre-Royal passed into the hands of Mr H. Siddons, the enormous sum of £42,000 being paid for it. Mr Siddons' company now removed from the New Theatre at the head of Leith Walk, and took up their quarters in Shakespeare Square. Here a new era dawned on Mr Murray—he became a decided favourite, and, instead of the harsh disagreeable sounds which used to greet him on his entrance, caps, hands, and tongues "applaud him to the very echo, which does applaud again." He now also became amalgamated with the citizens, joined in their sports and pastimes, was made a Free-mason—became one of the Volunteers—formed associates—mixed with the gay—collected troops of friends around him, and, in short, became "one of us." The characters which were barely tolerated at the other house, were now received with the greatest delight. His *Flutter*, *Osrick*, *Mock Duke*, &c., were "palpable hits," and he was now looked upon as likely to become one of the brightest actors of his day.

While Murray was thus rapidly achieving laurels and rising into fame, poor Siddons was fast sinking into the grave.

Everything had been done that could be done for the existence of the drama in Edinburgh, but all would not do. New piece after new piece was written and brought out; *stars* were brought down by wholesale. John Kemble, Harry Johnston, John Bannister, Braham, Incledon, Jack Johnston, Emery, Mathews—Mrs Siddons, Miss Smith, Mrs C. Kemble, Miss S. Booth, &c. &c.; but with all this host of talent, poor Siddons found himself daily on the decline—Dundee turned out a bad speculation; Perth was little better; nothing could keep his head above water: his health, which had long been in a precarious state, received the last sad shock, and in 1815, he bade adieu to this world and all its vanities, leaving the Theatre greatly involved, and a wife and four children to be supported from it.

The whole weight of the management now devolved on Mr Murray, for the behoof of his sister and her children; and it could not have fallen into better hands; his thorough knowledge of theatricals, his steady, cool, collected judgment, complete tact, and excellent address, soon made things take a turn. Previous to Mr Siddons' death, the management had been induced to lower the prices of admission to the boxes from five shillings to four, but after the death of Mr Siddons, Murray made an appeal to the public on behalf of the orphans of the deceased, and the great difficulties the concern had been left in, and raised the prices of admission to the boxes again to five shillings without one dissenting voice; and much we wish that he had never lowered them again. It was a politic measure to reduce the pit and gallery prices, but we feel quite certain that a shilling more or less would not have made the slightest difference in the attendance of the frequenters of the boxes, while it has made a very considerable deficit in the night's receipts.

In 1816, Murray engaged the celebrated Edmund Kean, who proved a most profitable star, great houses being every night the result of his engagement. Miss O'Neil was also a great source of profit to the Theatre, her appearance in Edinburgh causing quite a sensation among all classes of play-goers, both high and low. Another card in favour of Mr Murray was John Kemble's last professional visit to Edinburgh in 1817, when he acted over all his great characters, with all the spirit of his best years. Sir Walter Scott said, "We lose in him a most excellent critic, an accomplished scholar, and one

who graced our forlorn drama with what little it has left of good sense and gentleman-like feeling." Mr Kemble's farewell character was Macbeth, and previous to the rising of the curtain, he said in the green-room, that "he was determined to leave behind him the most perfect specimen of his art he had ever shown," and in this he fully succeeded. A few days afterwards he was entertained at a public dinner by his Edinburgh admirers. The following address, which he spoke on his farewell night, was written for him by Sir Walter Scott:—

"As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour for ever past,
And that these valued plaudits are my last.
Why should we part, while still some powers remain,
That in your service strive not yet in vain?
Cannot high zeal the strength of youth supply,
And sense of duty fire the fading eye;
And all the wrongs of age remain subdued
Beneath the burning glow of gratitude?
Ah, no! the taper, wearing to its close,
Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows;
But all too soon the transient gleam is past,
It cannot be renew'd, and will not last;
Even duty, zeal, and gratitude, can wage
But short-lived conflict with the frosts of age.
Yes! It were poor, remembering what I was,
To live a pensioner on your applause,
To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,
And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy;
Till every sneering youth around enquires,
"Is this the man who once could please our sires?"
And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,
To warn me off from the encumber'd scene.
This must not be;—and higher duties crave,
Some space between the theatre and the grave,
That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:

My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

"Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts
May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on other actors, younger men:
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—
O, how forget!—how oft I hither came
In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal Shakespeare's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!
By mem'ry treasured, while her reign endures,
Those hours must live—and all their charms are yours.

"O favour'd Land! renown'd for arts and arms,
For manly talent, and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my tongue;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—Friends and Patrons, hail, and FARE YOU WELL." *

The Edinburgh Theatre at this period was worth a visit. Sir Walter Scott who gave the tone to the literary society for which Edinburgh is so famed, often led his friends to Shakespeare Square, to be amused with the drolleries of Will Murray. Hogg, J. G. Lockhart, Professor Wilson, and the Ballantynes, and many other critics whose words were law to both author and actor, nightly graced the house. Sir Walter had a warm

* "Mr Kemble delivered these lines with exquisite beauty, and with an effect that was evidenced by the tears and sobs of many of the audience. His own emotions were very conspicuous. When his farewell was closed, he lingered long on the stage, as if unable to retire. The house again stood up, and cheered him with the waving of hats and long shouts of applause. At length, he finally retired, and, in so far as regards Scotland, the curtain dropped upon his professional life for ever."—*The Sale Room*.

and affectionate feeling to Mr Murray, and has often spoken of him with great kindness and regard. The Ballantynes, both John and James, were excellent critics, and they undoubtedly exercised a considerable degree of influence on Theatrical matters in Edinburgh. Mr John Ballantyne, in particular, took a warm personal interest in the success of the Theatre under Mr Murray, and was the friend and adviser of many an actor who has since risen to affluence. The inimitable Mathew's was indebted to him for some of his best stories, and for many hints as to his entertainments, and, in fact, "whatever actor or singer of eminence visited Edinburgh of the evenings when he did not perform, several were sure to be reserved for Trinity, (Mr John Ballantyne's Villa). Here Braham quavered, and here Liston drolled his best—here Johnstone and Murray and Yates mixed jest and stave—here Kean revelled and rioted—and here the Roman Kemble often played the Greek, from sunset to dawn. Nor did the popular *cantatrice* or *danseuse* of the time disdain to freshen her roses after a laborious week amidst these Paphian harbours of Harmony Hall."

But let us return to the Theatre. The great salvation of the concern was the never-to-be-forgotten *Rob Roy*, which brought to the treasury a sum of £3000, and which has been played about 300 times in the Edinburgh Theatre-Royal since its first production. So great was the sensation excited by it, that long after the run of the piece was over, and a few bad houses intervening, *Rob Roy* would draw a £60 house at any time.

While on this subject, we may here introduce an extract from a capital article on the Waverley Dramas, which appeared in a recent No. of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and which, we have no doubt, is the production of Mr Calcraft:—

"While the dramas from the *Waverley Novels* pleased everywhere, and drew money to the managers throughout the kingdom, in Scotland, as was likely, they found their strongest hold. *Rob Roy* was produced in Edinburgh with great care in February 1819, and ran for forty-one nights without intermission. It was admirably acted throughout, and introduced to that most critical audience a performer who has never been equalled in his particular line—Charles Mackay. His *Bailie Jarvie* was not acting, it was nature, the man personified in living identity, as if he had sat for the picture, and the author

had held him in his eye while drawing it. Liston was the admired of the Londoners, and an admirable artist too. His humour was peculiarly his own, and his *Dominie Sampson* was irresistible; but Mackay was the *Bailie* of Sir Walter Scott, as he himself often most emphatically declared. Perhaps the highest compliment ever paid to an actor was when the Great Unknown, at the dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, threw aside his useless incognito, publicly owned himself the author of the works long believed to be his, and proposed the health of Mackay, in his character of the *Bailie*, in the following terms:—‘I would fain dedicate a bumper to the health of one who has represented several of those characters of which I have endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a truth and liveliness for which I may well be grateful. I beg leave to propose the health of my friend *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*; and I am sure when the author of *Waverley* and *Rob Roy* drinks to *Nicol Jarvie*, it will be received with the just applause to which that gentleman has always been accustomed.’ The talents of Mackay were by no means confined to his representation of exclusively national characters. In *Dominie Sampson*, *Cuddie Headrig*, *Caleb Balderstone*, *Dalgetty*, *Richie Moniplies*, *Jock Howieson*, &c., &c., he was far beyond any of his contemporaries, and, in a large range of miscellaneous parts, equal to many in the foremost rank. I have seen him play *Rolamo*, in *Clari*, *Old Dornton* in *The Road to Ruin*, and others of that cast, with a power and pathos which everybody acknowledged. I feel happy at an opportunity of bearing my feeble testimony to the merits of an old friend and confederate; and should these pages meet his eye, he will, I am sure, be pleased to find that I have not forgotten the days of ‘auld lang syne,’ or the many reminiscences of what occurred when we dressed in ‘propinquity’ in the same room. I introduced him to the Dublin audience; and although (as, I grieve to say, they seldom do) they did not fill the theatre, they felt his excellence, and applauded him to the echo. He has retired, happily, from the anxious avocations of theatrical drudgery, and is, I trust, what I always predicted he would be, ‘a warm little man.’ The last remaining of that ‘ould stock’ is my first worthy employer and manager, William Murray, to whom I must, with an early opportunity, dedicate an exclusive leaf, which he is well worthy of, and which, I trust, he will take as a tribute of old friend-

ship. He, too, is about to retire (I wish I was!) and he leaves no actor like himself behind, in a long range of the most opposite characters.

“There was, in the Edinburgh Theatre, at the time I have been alluding to, an actor, by name Denham, now dead, but who deserves to be remembered. I saw him first in a small country theatre at Kelso, and recommended him strongly to Mr Murray, who engaged him at a trifling salary on my showing, but soon promoted him when he discovered his merit. His *Dandie Dinmont* and *Mucklebacket* were masterly pieces of acting; and his *King James*, in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, delighted the author almost as much as the *Bailie Jarvie* of Mackay. It was unique, one of those unexpected coincidences you never dream of, and greatly assisted by a natural thickness of utterance, a sort of Northumbrian, or Border burr (which Sir Walter Scott himself had), in exact keeping with the physical peculiarities of the British Solomon. Neither let poor old Duff be forgotten, who has so lately ‘shuffled off his mortal coil,’ and whose *Dougal Creature* was equally commended by the same high authority. Perhaps he wanted but the right opportunity, at the right moment, to have made him a great man. The curtain has fallen, and no human reasoning can now decide the question; but that he had talent of a high order, and in a varied line, is unquestionable. Why it was permitted to waste itself in obscurity and indigence, and to be extinguished, in the winter of life, in utter helplessness, we know not, and have no right to inquire, but all, if they choose, may deduce from thence a salutary lesson. I met him first in Edinburgh when I joined that company in 1819. Everybody said he was a clever man; all he did was done like an artist. I saw George the Fourth applaud his *Dougal* warmly. I left him in Edinburgh in 1824, and I found him again in neglect and obscurity, discharged from the Haymarket, in London, in 1830. I was then mustering forces for my first campaign in Dublin; he enlisted under my banners, and never left them until he received the final summons of a more imperative commander.

“When George the Fourth visited Edinburgh, in 1822, he selected *Rob Roy* for the performance on the night of his attending the theatre in state, partly as a national compliment, and partly as a personal distinction to Sir Walter Scott, who

had taken much trouble with all the arrangements during the royal sojourn.

"A copy of the bill, with the cast of the play, may not be wholly uninteresting to our theatrical readers:—

' THEATRE-ROYAL, EDINBURGH.

BY COMMAND OF HIS MAJESTY.

This present Tuesday, August 27, 1822, will be performed the
National Opera of

ROB ROY MACGREGOR;

OR,

AULD LANGSYNE,

With the original Music and appropriate Scenery,
Machinery, Dresses, and Decorations.

Sir Frederick Vernon,.....	Mr Munro.
Rashleigh Osbaldistone,.....	Mr Denham.
Francis Osbaldistone,.....	Mr Huckel.
Captain Thornton,.....	Mr Murray.
Major Galbraith,.....	Mr Weekes.
Rob Roy Macgregor Campbell,.....	Mr Calcraft.
Bailie Nicol Jarvie,.....	Mr Mackay.
Mr Owen,.....	Mr Roberts.
Mac Stuart,.....	Mr Lee.
Dougal,.....	Mr Duff.
Willie,.....	Master Hillyard.
Andrew,.....	Mr Aitken.
Lancel,.....	Mr Stanley.
Sergeant.....	Mr Hillyard.
Saunders Willie,.....	Mr Power.
Helen Macgregor,.....	Mrs Renaud.
Martha,.....	Miss J. Nicol.
Mattie,.....	Miss Nicol.
Hostess,.....	Mrs Mackay.
Jean M'Alpine,.....	Mrs Nicol.
Diana Vernon (for this night only),.....	Mrs H. Siddons.'

"There was no after-piece; the doors opened at six, and the performances were to commence at eight, or as soon after as the King arrived, who was always punctual. The crowd began to assemble with the dawn of day; at twelve it came on

to rain, and rained incessantly until six; but 'no thought was there of dastard flight;' money was offered for places in the throng, and indignantly refused; the 'serried phalanx' maintained their array until the appointed hour, and within a few minutes after, the pit was densely packed; then arose from saturated garments a thick mist of damp and vapour, through which gas illuminations were but dimly seen, and which had scarcely dispersed when His Majesty entered his state-box. We recollect looking out from the window of our dressing-room on that wet and wearied crowd, impatient and worn out, and saying to ourselves, as the highwayman did on his way to Tyburn, and knowing we were to act the leading part in a very different sort of drama, 'You need not hurry, there'll be no fun till I come.'

"Of the performers whose names appear in the bill we have copied not more than eight are now alive.

"The play of *Rob Roy*, up to this date, has been acted in Edinburgh nearly four hundred times, and in the provincial theatres of Scotland more than one thousand. I remember seeing the five hundredth representation announced in a play-bill of Ryder's at Perth, dated as far back as 1829.

"The week before the arrival of the King all Scotland poured into Edinburgh. It was impossible to walk the streets without being jostled off the curbstones; but, like sensible and well ordered lieges, as they are, they crowded the theatre nightly. In six evenings, with no auxiliary attraction, above £1000 was taken to the two old national and worn-out dramas of *Rob Roy* and the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*. Then came Edmund Kean, who had been engaged long before there was any intimation or idea of a royal visit, and the houses, if possible, were fuller still. The great tragedian, then in the full zenith of his fame and powers, was naturally much chagrined that one of his plays was not selected on the night of the royal command, and expected *Macbeth*. I thought he would have chosen to study *Rob Roy* for the occasion, which he had an undoubted right to do if he pleased, but I was not sorry to find he had no such intention. He was impressed with a most unfounded notion that the sovereign was personally hostile to him, and said to me, in conversation on the subject, with epigrammatic bitterness, 'I am a greater man than ever I expected to be—I have a king for my enemy!'"

We conclude our notice of *Rob Roy* with the following criticism from the *Edinburgh Magazine*:—

"*Rob Roy* has continued really to fill the house for the astonishing period of forty-one successive nights, a run of good fortune, we believe, which no other piece represented in Edinburgh ever met with. Much of the success which has attended this piece may no doubt be attributed to a national partiality to the scenes and the characters represented, and to the very excellent manner in which the piece has been got up; but we attribute its chief attraction to the close attention which has been paid, in adapting it to the theatre, to the incidents and the dialogue of the celebrated work from which it is taken. Most of the dialogue, indeed, seems to be given *verbatim* from the novel; and the gentleman who has arranged it in a dramatic form has shown much judgment in not attempting to substitute the language and the manners of English peasants, for the strong and graphic characters, delineated with so much nature and truth by the incomparable author of *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*. That this piece should not have succeeded so well in the capital is not to be wondered at, when it is considered how much of it must have been unintelligible to a London audience, and even though they had understood the expressive dialect in which the story is carried on, the manners and the peculiarities of this northern portion of the island are so alien to every thing English, that it is not surprising their admiration should have ceased as their eyes became familiar with the dress and the tartan of the clan Gregarach. It would be unjust, in a notice of *Rob Roy*, not to advert to the excellent representatives which the chief characters have found in our theatre. Mr Mackay, as *Bailie Jarvie*, admirably embodied to the eye and to the ear all the peculiarities which of right belong to a merchant—a magistrate—and member of the town-council in a Scottish corporation; and the *Creature Dougal* seemed nature itself in the hands of Mr Duff. Mr Hamerton, in *Rob Roy*, was very respectable, and his manly figure did no discredit to the tartan which he wore. Mrs Renaud was excellent in *Helen Campbell*; and Mr Dobbs was quite at home in *Major Galbraith*. Mr Benson, though rather an inanimate lover, gave the songs very pleasingly; and Mr Chippendale, in his brown suit, did the house of *Osbaldistone* honour by his representation of its senior clerk and junior partner. It might

have been better had *Diana Vernon* been put into hands more able to manage the songs of the part; but, upon the whole, the piece was well cast, and excellently acted throughout."

The vigorous measures pursued by Mr Murray for the relief of the Theatre, combined with the tone imparted to the establishment by Sir Walter Scott's patronage, and also the favourable reception accorded to almost the whole of the dramatised versions of his novels soon brought the affairs of the Theatre into a more prosperous condition, as will be seen from the address delivered by Mr Murray at the end of the season, an extract from which we reprint from the *Edinburgh Magazine* :—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

"This evening will conclude a season, which, commencing on the 3d of December last, has, with the intervention of about three weeks, afforded us the honour of appearing before you two hundred and forty-six nights; and as its duration is, I believe, unprecedented in the theatrical annals of Edinburgh, so, in many instances, has its success been equally unexampled. A passing cloud may have, at intervals, darkened our prospects, but to dwell upon such temporary disappointments would be a very ungrateful return for that full blaze of public favour which we have generally enjoyed, and which it is our pride most gratefully to acknowledge. I cannot help alluding, Ladies and Gentlemen, to the very different situation we were placed in at the termination of the last season;—then, almost overpowered by reverses, we scarcely knew how long we might have the honour of remaining in your service. Now, we confidently anticipate the successful issue of our speculation, assured *that* confidence is not ill-founded which firmly relies upon your kindness and support. In October last, we ventured to pledge ourselves that neither the failures we had experienced, or the difficulties by which we were surrounded, should damp or impede our efforts for your amusement; and we trust, if you will cast a retrospective glance upon the arrangements of the season—either in regard to the amusements produced during the winter, or to the additional aid we have procured from London to support our summer campaign—you will allow we have not forfeited our pledge, or in any instance failed in that attention and respect so eminently your due."

Our readers must not, however, suppose that Murray was without opposition, or had "no rival near his throne," during

the period of his management for his sister and her family. On the contrary, Edinburgh was gay with various kinds of exhibitions and concerts, wax-works, balls, lectures, and other attractions, which held, each in their turn, the inhabitants in their network of fascination. And, added to the list, and not the smallest of Murray's rivals, was the opposition-house, viz., the Caledonian Theatre, which, at various periods from the death of Mr Siddons up till 1830, continued to be tenanted by managers and actors of various degrees of ability, and, among others, H. Johnstone, an actor of considerable and varied powers. In his opening address he thus alluded to the "patent rights" of the other house :—

"But proud Monopoly, with jealous lour,
Here circumscribes the circle of our power ;
Endures no rival near the seat of state,
But madly brands us *illegitimate*."

The opening night on the occasion of the above address was very brilliant, the house being extremely crowded, and the entertainments such as to give great satisfaction. The *Dramatic Review* of that period, after noticing the performances, concludes "by recommending our celebrated townsman to the patronage of our intellectual city, which we may also congratulate on the acquisition of another respectable addition to their source of amusements, and the honour that ought to accrue to their generosity, as well as taste, in holding out an equally friendly hand to the legitimate theatre of law and the aspiring one of legitimate talent."

Early in 1819, Mr Murray took a leading part in establishing in Edinburgh an institution similar to some which already existed in London, viz., a theatrical fund or society to "afford relief and support to such actors and actresses who, being or having been engaged in the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, and, during such engagement, regularly proposed and accepted as members of the said fund, shall become incapacitated by age or infirmity from continuing the exercise of their profession.

For about the next ten years there is little worthy of elaborate notice in connection with the theatre, if we except, perhaps, the fights always going on between the proprietor of the patent and the lessee of the minor theatre. For instance, on the 24th of March 1825, we find a notice to the following effect :—"In the Court of Session, this day, Mrs Henry

Siddons, patentee of the Theatre-Royal, obtained an interdict against Mr Corbet Ryder, manager of the Caledonian Theatre, late Corri's Rooms, 'prohibiting and interdicting the acting at the Caledonian Theatre, all interludes, tragedies, comedies, plays, farces, or other entertainments of the stage, or any part or parts thereof, including melodramas and burlettas, which have been, or shall hereafter be, licensed by the Lord Chamberlain.' " This, we fancy, was the last battle of the kind, for Mr Murray was too good a general to rouse public opposition by prosecutions, even when the law was openly and ostentatiously violated.

For the purpose of showing the strength of the company during this period, we subjoin a cast of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian":—

"THEATRE-ROYAL.

This Evening, December 16, 1822, will be performed the National Drama of

THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

John, Duke of Argyle,.....	Mr Jones.
George Staunton,.....	Mr Calcraft.
John Dumbie,.....	Mr Mackay.
David Deans,.....	Mr Faulkner.
Saddletree,.....	Mr Boddie.
Reuben Butler,.....	Mr Denham.
Mr Sharpitlaw,.....	Mr Mason.
Rasper,.....	Mr Miller.
Donald,.....	Mr Power.
James,.....	Mr Hillyard.
Serjeant of the Guard,.....	Mr Aikin.
Town-Guard,.....	Messrs Dow, Mowat, &c.
James Ratcliffe,.....	Mr Duff.
Black Frank,.....	Mr Murray.
Tyburn Tam,.....	Mr Bland.
Queen of England,.....	Mrs Renaud.
Jeanie Deans,.....	Mrs H. Siddons.
Effie Deans,.....	Miss Eyre.
Mrs Glass,.....	Mrs Nicol.
Betty,.....	Miss M. Nicoll.
Margery Murdochson,.....	Mrs Eyre.
Madge Wildfire,.....	Miss Nicol."

We have no doubt that, at this time, the Theatre-Royal had the best company out of London, despite the grumbling of the reviews and other small fry. In fact, the casts we have given are quite conclusive as to this. At this date there are very few of these persons alive who then formed the company; and, with the exception of Murray himself and Miss Nicol, there is not one of them connected with the Edinburgh Theatre of 1851. Before we leave this part of our subject, we may mention, that the principal benefits, in 1828, commanded the following sums:—

Mr Pritchard, £178	Mr Denham, £160
Miss Nicol, 180	Mr & Mrs Stanley, 142
Mr Murray, 160	Mr Jones, 112

In 1830, the patent passed into the hands of Mr Murray entirely on his own account, and about this time he also conceived the idea of becoming lessee of the Adelphi Theatre, as well as the Theatre-Royal. Some play-goers, however, did not exactly relish this, and, at various times within the next ten years, we find enthusiastic individuals making objections, both verbally and in writing, to one manager holding both theatres. We select one article on the subject, as a specimen of the whole, for the edification of our readers:—

“To what end are there two licensed theatres in this city, if one person be allowed to be lessee of both? and what purpose is served by this state of things, except the upholding of a monopoly alike injurious to the interests of the public, of the proprietors, of the lessee himself, and generally of the drama? To prove that the monopoly possessed by Mr Murray is detrimental to all the parties we have mentioned, seems, at first sight, a very difficult undertaking; but when we come to consider it in reference to them singly, the difficulty is in a great measure removed. Thus, in regard to the public, it is easily seen that they would be gainers were the monopoly abolished, for, in that case, they would, in all human probability, have two places of rational amusement instead of one; and besides this, the competition that would necessarily be excited between the rival establishments would insure for them more spirited and enterprising management than exists even at present; and there would be, of course, far more novelties produced by two companies, than could possibly be done by one. We may be reminded by some of the fate of the dog in the fable, and told that in endeavouring to obtain two theatres we run a great risk of losing both; but to this we reply, that Edinburgh is

perfectly able to maintain two, as has been this season clearly proved in the case of the Theatre-Royal and Cooke's Circus, (both of which, though open at the same time, were very successful); and that therefore there is in reality no good grounds for even supposing such a thing. Next, in regard to the proprietors, it is evidently their interest to get as high a rent for their property as they can with safety. Now, can it be for a moment supposed that a lessee who kept the house open for only six months, could pay as high and as certain a rent as one who kept it open the whole year round? Of course not. Therefore, the interest of the proprietors plainly is—to get a person as lessee who can keep the theatre open, at least, for the greater part of the year; and this as plainly cannot be done by one who has both houses. From what we have just said, the inference is clear, that it is also the lessee's interest to rent one house only, for if he rents both, then he must pay for both, while he can only have the use of one at a time—thus he must always have one on his hand a dead weight. With respect to the drama, if there were two establishments, the rival exertions of the managers would be productive of the most favourable effects; for each being anxious to produce something better than the other, the result would be, that we would have all the best dramas and most attractive plays brought out here, without a moment's delay after their production in London and elsewhere. Nay, we would also have new pieces of our own. From the same causes, too, our theatrical corps would be more efficient. In conclusion, we hope that all will see it to be for their interest that there should be not only two Theatres, but also two managers and two companies in Edinburgh. London has sixteen; Manchester, three; Dublin, two; and Liverpool, two; and why should not Edinburgh and Leith (for in all respects, but the name, they are one city), have two also?"

Since the above was written, we have had an attempt at another house. The Victoria Theatre on the Mound, it was thought, would shake the monopoly, but in this most parties have been disappointed. The manager was found wanting in the necessary tact, and the result has been a decided failure. Capital was wanting—the concern was starved—and the popular enthusiasm which courted a rival to Murray was disgusted. Some good actors and actresses were provided, but poverty, in the shape of small salaries, warned them off the premises, and they went over to the "other house," where wages were sure,

and regularly paid. How Wyndham will succeed remains to be seen. There *ought* to be room for two theatres in Edinburgh, although some people croak to the contrary. The question is this, will people go out of the way to get to Wyndham's house, when they knock up against Lloyd's on their way thither? The Adelphi is too small to pay *without* stars, and too small to pay *with* stars. The patricians of the profession will always honour the royal house. It is largest, and, consequently, their share of the proceeds is in proportion. The Adelphi being out of the way is a sad stumblingblock—people must have their amusements thrust into their face—stars will not go to it if they can help it, the reason why is obvious—it is too small—their share of the profits would not content them. The usual attendance will not pay an expensive company. Without some attraction nobody will go at all, simply because the house is out of the way. What a pity it is neither in Leith nor Edinburgh. Had it been in Leith it would have been crowded nightly. If it had been placed in the Old Town, with a threepenny gallery, and a clever company, it would be a fortune to its lessee. As it is, we fear it must remain a sort of curse to all connected with it. Novelty for a time may carry it forward, but we much fear that permanent success is unattainable. At any rate, we shall watch with anxiety the result of this new experiment at the Adelphi. All honour to Wyndham for his bold attempt—if a footing can be secured on such slippery ground, he is the man to secure it—he has the good will of many, and the help of those who are both able and willing to support him.

On April 10th, 1834, Mrs Nicol, who, during a long period, had been a prominent member of the theatre, took her farewell benefit and retired from the stage. As a memorial of the occasion, we present our readers with a copy of her bill, which was as follows :—

“ THEATRE-ROYAL.

MRS NICOL'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.

Mrs Nicol cannot find words to express her gratitude for the kind patronage with which she has been honoured by the public of Edinburgh, Leith, &c., during a period of twenty-seven years. Fearing, however, to trespass on that kindness, by attempting to fulfil the duties of her profession, when she might be considered unequal to the task, Mrs Nicol most respectfully

announces her retirement from the stage; but not without a hope of being again favoured with the support of her friends and patrons for the LAST time.

On Thursday, April 10, 1834, will be performed Sheridan's Comedy of
THE RIVALS.

Sir Anthony Absolute by Mr Mackay.

Sir Lucius O'Trigger by Mr Barret.—Captain Absolute, Mr Balls.

Falkland by Mr Stuart.—Acres by Mr Murray.

David, Mr Lloyd.—Fag by Mr Miller.

Coachman by Mr Power.—John by Mr Thomas.

William, Mr Elliot.—Mrs Malaprop by Mrs Nicol.

Lydia Languish by Mrs Balls.—Lucy by Miss Newton.

Maid by Miss Hartley.—Julia Melville by Mrs Barrett.

A favourite PAS DE DEUX, by Mr Gilbert and Miss Ballin.

Comic Song—'Down the River,' by Mr Lloyd.

To which will be added the favourite Operetta of

NO!

COMIC DANCE by Mr Jonas.

The whole to conclude with the popular Farce of
RAISING THE WIND.

Miss Nicol, who is still a member of the Edinburgh theatre, succeeded her mother in nearly all the parts which she had rendered so popular; and, we dare say, we will be borne out in our assertion, when we say, that there is not at present an actress on the stage who is at all equal to her, in the wide range of difficult and arduous personations which she has so long and so ably sustained; and we may venture also, with great truth, to place this accomplished lady in the catalogue of actresses who have been as blameless in private life as they have been eminently useful on the stage.

We have little of interest now to record, connected either personally with Mr Murray, or through his connection with the theatre. His partnership with Yates of London is too recent to be at all novel. He met with an accident at Duddingstone, we believe, but he soon recovered from its effects. He has had a silver vase presented to him by the committee for the Triennial

Competition of Pipers, as a mark of esteem for his kindness and attention on those occasions. We purposely pass over at present a great number of small incidents in his life—such as his projected removal to Liverpool—his visits to Glasgow—his periods of ill health, &c. &c. &c. These are all so modern, and would require so much of our space for their full detail, that we at present forbear from entering upon them. There may come a time when it shall be necessary to write Murray's life at greater length, in the meantime, we content ourselves with this sketch.

In the latter part of 1844, (November 2d.) Mr Murray lost his accomplished sister, Mrs Henry Siddons, who, for upwards of twenty-five years, was the distinguished luminary of the Edinburgh Theatre, of which valuable property she eventually became nearly the sole proprietor. During that long period, Mrs Siddons not only delighted the Edinburgh audience by her own fascinating personations, but in conjunction with her accomplished brother, our present worthy manager, gave a tone of refinement to our dramatic representations, and of high respectability to the profession, which elevated the character of our stage. In the higher walk of comedy, we believe, Mrs H. Siddons was admitted to be surpassed by none on the metropolitan boards, even in that bright era. As *Beatrice*, *Rosalind*, *Portia*, *Lady Teazle*, *Miss Hardcastle*, and a long list which it would be impossible to enumerate here, few will forget the style of her acting. It was comic vivacity of the highest order; playful, brilliant, and full of exquisite point and polish, though Mrs Siddons could impart deep interest to scenes of quiet pathos—and we retain a vivid recollection of her efforts in some of her best melo-dramas and short dramatic sketches—still she did not aspire to the more impassioned and lofty sphere of the drama. Her style was the beautiful, not the grand, which she willingly resigned to her great relative, whose name she so willingly bore. But in her own province—and it can scarcely be said to be secondary to, but rather co-ordinate with the strict domain of the tragic muse—Mrs Siddons stood almost alone in excellence. In private life, Mrs Siddons was the model of all that was exemplary and amiable, pursuing the tenor of her domestic duties, contemporaneously with professional toil, with a quiet undeviating care, that rendered her no less beloved in her immediate circle than admired in the dramatic scene. By a numerous and most select circle of

private friends, the loss of this lady was deeply felt, such was her modest unassuming grace in society, and the public will long associate her memory with many of their most delightful and intellectual hours of recreation.

The death of his accomplished sister was so severe a blow to Mr Murray, that it caused his retirement from the active duties of his profession for a period of many months. In his short address on his re-appearance, he says :—"It is as unnecessary as it would be painful for me to allude to the loss which has made me so long a stranger to these boards ; but I may confess that my absence has been somewhat lengthened by the growing fear, that an almost nightly service of five and thirty years might have somewhat wearied you. Your reception of me to-night has dissipated that fear ; and I shall take every opportunity of again devoting my humble abilities to the renewed service of my kind friends and patrons."

The retirement of Mr Mackay from the Edinburgh Theatre, is an event that claims at our hand some notice, both for the fact of his having been long a member of the Edinburgh company—from the great blunder he has committed in once again revisiting the footlights, and from the blameable manner in which his retirement was announced. Few managers, we think, would have ventured on such a bill as the following :—

"This Present Evening, Tuesday, April 25, 1848, will be performed,
for the LAST TIME IN EDINBURGH, the celebrated National Opera,
in Three Acts, entitled

ROB ROY.

Rob Roy Macgregor, by Mr Edmund Glover.

Sir Frederick Vernon, by Mr Ray—Rashleigh Osbaldistone, by Mr Wyndham.

Francis Osbaldistone, by Mr W. H. Eburne, in which character he will sing 'My Love is Like a Red Red Rose'—'Auld Langsyne'—'Macgregor's Gathering.'

And, with Miss Coveney, the Duets of 'Though you Leave me now in Sorrow'—and 'Forlorn and Broken-Hearted.'

Dougal by Mr Josephs—Captain Thornton by Mr Weekley.

Major Galbraith by Mr Murray—Mr Owen by Mr Lloyd.

Bailie Nicol Jarvie by Mr Mackay, being his Last Appearance in that Character in this City.

M'Stuart by Mr Honey—Sergeant by Mr Henry.
 Hamish by Mr Carroll—Jobson by Mr Vaudrey—Robert by
 Master Josephs.
 Saunders Wylie by Mr Freeman—Andrew Fairservice by
 Mr C. Lloyds.
 Helen Macgregor by Miss Cleaver—Hostess by Mrs Josephs.
 Jean M'Alpine by Miss Nicol—Mattie by Miss H. Coveney.
 Diana Vernon by Miss Coveney, in which character she will sing
 'A Highland Lad my Love was Born'—and a Favourite Ballad.

In the Course of the Evening, Mr Mackay will bid Farewell to his
 kind Friends and Patrons.

The whole to conclude with, for the LAST TIME IN EDINBURGH, the
 National Drama, entitled

CRAMOND BRIG.

James, King of Scotland, by Mr Wilson, in which character he
 will sing the National Ballad of
 'The Flowers of the Forest,' and Sir Walter Scott's Ballad of
 'The Young Lochinvar.'
 Jock Howieson by Mr Mackay, being his Last Appearance in
 that Character in this City."

We make no comment on this ourselves, but we borrow from
 the 'Opera-Glass' of the period, the following paragraph relating
 to the subject:—

"Has some goddess begged from the father of the gods im-
 mortal life for Murray, as Aurora did for Tithonus, that he an-
 nounces so positively *Rob Roy* for the *last* time in Edinburgh?
 If so, like Aurora, she has forgotten to add immortal youth. Or
 is it the 'sunset of life' which is giving him the 'mystical lore'
 that enables him thus to prophesy? Or can it be but the puerile
 babblings of a second childhood? From whatever cause spring-
 ing, however, a more absurd or ridiculous announcement never
 disgraced the Edinburgh play-bills. All honour to Mackay!
 Many a happy night have we enjoyed with him; he was the best
Bailie we ever saw, but not the only one. At the Glasgow
 Adelphi, some three years since, we saw *Rob Roy* played nearly as
 well as ever, during the last twenty years, it has been done in Edin-
 burgh. The announcement would be in bad taste were it even

limited to the period of Murray's rule, for is there not the temple to give it the lie within the week? But the truth is, that Murray has been so accustomed to lord it as perpetual dictator in the theatrical world, that, in the vanity of his heart, he seems to have quite forgotten that there is a limit beyond which no man can go. It may not, it cannot be long ere the thread of his waking dream is cut short."

On the evening of the farewell, the house was indeed brilliant, and it is only on most rare occasions that we have seen so much enthusiasm displayed. The occasion, too, was rendered remarkable by the appearance of the late Mr John Wilson, Scotland's best vocalist, who kindly gave his services on the occasion. We cannot do better than copy from the Edinburgh papers the address delivered on the occasion:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—The last duty I have to perform this evening, I feel to be the most painful and difficult I have ever had to discharge within these walls. This night terminates my professional labours on this stage. To part with friends is a melancholy thing at all times. In taking leave of such kind and liberal friends as you have ever proved yourselves to be to me, while I am most anxious to say all that the most sincere gratitude and respect can prompt, I am as anxious not to tire you with long egotistical remarks, or wearisome allusions to bygone days. Still the past has been so marked and honoured by your favour and support, that some notice of it is due to you. Few, alas! very few, are now present who witnessed my first appearance on these boards, now more than a quarter of a century ago. That appearance I owed chiefly to the success which had attended my humble efforts in the delineation of a certain character while a member of the Aberdeen Theatre. Shortly after my coming to this theatre, I was again intrusted with the same character, and on the first night that *Rob Roy* was performed on this stage, the Great Unknown (for though great, he was then unknown), was one of the audience. At this moment, as *Hamlet* says, I see him in my mind's eye, as he sat leaning on his staff on the back seat of one of the boxes. (Here Mr Mackay pointed with his finger to the spot occupied by Sir Walter Scott on that occasion). Never shall I forget the sparkle of his eye, and the good-humoured smile on his face, on that to me momentous night. It is to the pen of the mighty dead I owe my theatrical reputation. Had he never

written, I never should have been noticed as an actor. To him, then, and to you, I am indebted for the little I have saved for the maintenance of my old age. The kindness of Sir Walter Scott was, ladies and gentlemen, as some of you well know, only equalled by his genius—and on the night when he declared himself to be the author of the novels, you may judge of my surprise, when he was pleased to say before the then assembled hundreds, ‘that the skeleton he had drawn had been so faithfully clothed by his friend *Bailie Nicol Jarvie* that he was grateful.’ ‘My conscience!’ grateful to me; there was a compliment! and from such a man! So far from clothing skeletons, I felt that I was but labouring to embody the most perfect delineations that ever issued from the mind of man. No wonder, then, I have always been proud of the cognomen of *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*. Some friends have, at times, apologised for calling me the ‘*Bailie*’—little thinking at the time the pleasure I experienced in hearing it. The *Bailie* has now been before you for many a year, and though often I have been tempted by liberal offers to leave you, I have preferred remaining in my native city, before an indulgent audience, and with a kind and liberal manager. When I am gone, he alone remains the last of all the performers in the original cast of *Rob Roy*. We have now been associated together as actor and manager for the space of thirty years, and during the whole of that lengthened period, one angry word has never passed between us. I have long been happy in the enjoyment of his friendship, and parting with him will be to me an additional pang. Many of my friends say, Why should I leave the stage while yet my personation of the Scottish character is as vigorous as ever? Alas! they know not the effort it costs me to appear so. My health has been sorely tried of late. I now begin to find the hand of time pressing heavily upon me—so much so, that I feel the necessity of repose during the short time it may please Providence to suffer me to remain on life’s stage. Surely my kind friends would rather see me secure my retreat from the stage, than behold me linger thereon, when declining years and mental weakness would but remind them that the *Bailie* was now become the shadow of his former self. Such a sight would be too painful both to myself and you. Fain would I linger over this parting scene. May every earthly happiness attend upon you all in your different spheres. I am well aware I carry

with me into private life all your warmest and kindest wishes for my welfare and happiness. And now, ladies and gentlemen, the *Bailie* you have seen for the last time, and honest *John Howieson* is left to pronounce the final word—farewell!"

The retirement of Mr Mackay was but the prelude to a similar announcement on the part of Mr Murray, and when the public learned a few seasons ago, that he was on the point of retiring after a service of forty years, a universal feeling of regret took possession of the public mind, at the prospect of losing a man who had done so much for the elevation of taste, and the purification of the Theatre in Edinburgh. This is, perhaps, neither the proper time nor the proper place to enter fully upon a consideration of Mr W. H. Murray's abilities as an actor, but we may fearlessly pronounce, without fear of contradiction, that he leaves no equal on the British Stage. He is great in everything he does—his genius is universal, and he has no equal in his variety. "From the mock heroics of the *Mock Duke* to the melting pathos of *Grandfather Whitehead*, is a transition that few comic actors could successfully undertake—with Murray it is an act of easy accomplishment. To catalogue the whole of this gentleman's achievements on the Edinburgh stage would be just to write its history. We know of no part in which he has failed. In legitimate comedy he is a perfect leviathan, and in Shakesperian parts—more especially in the small parts of the great bard, such as the *Second Grave Digger*, and the courtier *Osrick*—his acting is masterly indeed. There is no actor, not Farren himself, who takes such pains with what he does as Murray. Be the part great or small, in his hands it is sure to come out a picture of the most perfect finish, and, perhaps, the smaller the part the more this will be apparent. There are some characters which he has made peculiarly his own, such as *Dominique the Deserter*, *Gregory* in the "Tailor of Tamworth," *Flutter*, and many more of a similar kind. Some of these are his most perfect delineations—eccentric and humorous to the last degree—relished by all, and considered by critics as master-pieces of comic delineation." Wishing him every happiness in the new life that, in his old age, is opening before him, we reluctantly say farewell to one of the finest comedians that ever trod the boards of a theatre.

THE
FAREWELL ADDRESSES,
&c., &c., &c.

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 27, 1827.

MY LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am commanded by our Dramatic Sovereign, Mrs Henry Siddons, to present myself before you, a sort of Theatrical Lord Commissioner, to express to you the high satisfaction she feels at the success which has attended the theatre during the present season, and to request your acceptance, not only of her best thanks, but of that of every member of the establishment, before we respectfully release you from further attendance, at present, in this our Thespian House of Lords and Commons.

I have also to inform you that she continues to receive from the metropolitan powers assurances of their kindly feelings towards the theatre, and that she has formed alliances, not offensive, I hope, with several of the most powerful potentates of the drama. Amongst whose names we may enumerate those of Vandenhoff, Miss Noel, Charles Kemble, Mathews, and your MONSTROUS favourite, T. P. Cooke, whilst others of equal celebrity are under consideration of her Majesty's Most Wise and Right Honourable Privy Council, comprised in the person of your humble servant.

I am farther directed to thank you for the very liberal supplies you have granted for the service of the year, and, believe me, I am the very first Lord of the Treasury who ever hoped

to merit your approbation by stating, that no consideration of economy should regulate his conduct farther than is consistent with a necessary attention to profit, and the probable duration of this somewhat ancient building.

Her Theatrical Majesty is happy to perceive that the various bills laid before you during the present session have received your uniform approbation, having been supported by very considerable majorities; and we have the pleasure of stating, that the public business of this house has never been for one night postponed from the melancholy circumstance of there not being forty members present.

Again tendering our sincere and grateful thanks, I now, in virtue of my commission, issued under his Excellency the Prompter's seal, do, in Mrs H. Siddon's name, and in obedience to her commands, prorogue this session of theatrical amusement until Saturday, the 10th day of November next, to be then here holden, and respectfully hoping that on that occasion you, our kind friends and legislators, will be found duly returned. This house, the entertainments of the evening being concluded, is accordingly prorogued till Saturday, the 10th day of November.

Thus much, ladies and gentlemen, for my official duties. Now to execute a commission from your favourite, Miss Stephens, who begs by me to return her sincere acknowledgments for your undiminished patronage, and also publicly to express the obligation she feels under to Madame Pasta, for her great kindness in postponing the concert which had been announced for this evening. I can only add, that I should feel very proud were it in my humble power to be of any service to that distinguished singer. And once more thanking you, ladies and gentlemen, I most respectfully take my leave.

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CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 25, 1828.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is a very common expression, that no man is aware of his own wit till he has damaged his shins against it; and I now present myself a melancholy example of its truth. It is one of the many duties, and certainly one of the few pleasures of my office, that I should, at

the expiry of every season, request your acceptance of our thanks for your patronage during its progress; and when I last appeared before you for that purpose, thirteen years had elapsed since first my dulcet tones had saluted you with the well-known sounds of "ladies and gentlemen." For the said thirteen years had I annually run through the managerial vocabulary of—"Liberal public"—"Splendid patronage"—"Faithful servants"—"Feeling hearts"—"Grateful for the past"—"Anxious to see you again"—"Respectfully farewell"—*et cetera, et cetera*,—until I feared that the monotony of my professions must have struck upon your wearied ears like when our orchestra strikes up "Kelvin Grove," "The Bonnie Breast-knots," or, "Blue Bonnets over the Border." I felt the defect, and laboured to remove it, I thought of my speech—I dreamt of my speech—I wrote my speech; but still it was the same thing over again, and I burnt my speech—I re-composed, re-wrote, and re-consumed, till, like Iago,

"———my invention

Came from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It pluck'd out brains and all."

The hours flew—evening approached—and no speech, I was in agony, the perspiration burst from every pore—still no speech; and I was on the point of requesting a medical friend to invalid me, when the idea occurred of constituting myself a sort of Lord High Commissioner, and in the name of her sublime majesty, Mrs Henry Siddons, proroguing—I request your attention, ladies and gentlemen, to the expression *proroguing*—this our Theatrical House of Lords and Commons. Owing to your good nature, the thought proved fortunate. "The speech" was "applauded to the very echo that should applaud again;" to borrow the splendid imagery of my own voracious play-bills, "it was honoured with shouts of laughter and thunders of approbation, by a brilliant, a fashionable, and an overflowing audience." And to fill up the measure of my vanity, one of our most celebrated critics declared the speech to be an excellent speech; and if not exactly a witty one, at least within a very few doors of it. But here, ladies and gentlemen, ended all my glories; for by some unfortunate ambiguity in the choice of my expressions, or from some equally unfortunate misconception on your parts, what I proposed as a temporary prorogation, you received as a final dissolution; and at the

ensuing re-election the attendance was so thin, that it appeared as if two-thirds of our previous honourable members had been convicted of bribery and corruption, and disqualified for ever more sitting in this house. Vainly did we—to borrow the terms of an Act of Parliament passed in the—I don't know what year—of Queen Anne, for the better government of actors, vagrants, and other sturdy beggars,—vainly did we run through the various attractions of “Tragedy, Comedy, Play, Farce, Opera, Burletta, Melo-drama, Prelude, Interlude, Afterlude, and all other entertainments of the stage.” All was vain,—the treasury benches were but thinly peopled—the opposition, not content with sitting on the other side of the house, took their seats in another house altogether; and we close accounts for the season with no inconsiderable balance on the wrong side of the ledger. So much for my first approximations to wit in my farewell addresses; for in all theatres, the manager being the legitimate source of all evil, I am, of course, responsible for reverses; and as in casting a retrospective glance over the arrangements of last season, I cannot plead guilty to want of exertion, I must again and again attribute our failure to the mistake occasioned by my unfortunately clever and witty speech. Never more, ladies and gentlemen, will I be guilty of such a display of talent. Plain matter-of-fact shall hereafter restrain my oratory, and my life shall be passed in atoning to my ill-fated employer for the joke I indulged in, as it has proved, at her expense. Should I, after being left in so serious a minority, be allowed to remain in office, the sincerity of my repentance shall be evinced in the decorations of the theatre—the talents of the company—the constant production of every novelty that may appear likely to conduce to your amusement—and the engagement of every London performer whose talents may deserve your notice, and whose terms I can possibly agree to with the slightest prospect of a balance in favour. In short, ladies and gentlemen, as one cold look cannot efface the recollection of former kindnesses, so with us, the reverses of one season are held as nothing, when we reflect on the liberal patronage we have on so many occasions experienced from you; and we resume our efforts with undiminished confidence that the Edinburgh public will never abandon their national theatre, or cease to regard with favour those who have for nineteen years laboured in their service. I

thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the kindness with which you have listened to me, and with sincere wishes for the health and happiness of every individual I have the honour of addressing, I once more take my leave.



COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON.

NOVEMBER 4, 1828.

After the play, the following Address (in which we think we can trace the lively spirit of the best speech-maker of the age, Sir Walter Scott), was delivered with admirable grace and talent by Mrs Siddons.—*Weekly Journal*.

Mrs SIDDONS. (*Speaking Behind.*)

Don't talk to me ; I tell ye it's a shame,
And all before the curtain say the same.

(*Entering.*)

I enter certainly in strange confusion,
But hope you'll pardon my abrupt intrusion,
When I confess my present situation
Is one so full of pain and irritation,
That, no more able my complaints to smother,
At your Tribunal I impeach—my Brother,
Of misdemeanours without stint or measure,
Of disobedience to my royal pleasure ;
For say whate'er I will, his pompous frown,
And plump *negatur*, knock my project down,
Till my whole reign's one scene of pet and worry,
Like poor Queen Mary and *her* Regent Murray.
To-night my wish to speak to you was met
By the old answer, "'tis n't etiquette ;"
But I'm determined, and now ask the reason,
If with a speech my brother *ends* the season,
Why I, when here beginning one anew,
May not indulge in speechifying too ?
'Tis hard enough resigning the last word,
But more to humour him is quite absurd.
He with a bow may see you out, and then
I will with curtseys welcome you again.
Which is the more judicious system, tell,—

His most respectfully bidding you farewell ?
 Or the new practice I to-night begin
 Of, as respectfully, bidding you walk in ?
 At least I'll try it ; when all's done and past,
 I can't make this year worse than he the last.
 Indeed I'm somewhat tired of the elf,
 And think of looking into things myself ;
 For tho' reluctant to speak ill, I own,
 Of " Regent Murray," he mistakes the town.
 As——don't be angry now, but, *entre nous*,
 'Tis not *so much* what's good, as what is new,
 Oft brings you here ; and truly 'tis a bore,
 For ever hearing what you've heard before ;
 To see the bills present you nothing daily
 But the old names—Jones, Denham, and the Bailie.
 At night compelled to stay at home, or go
 And see " Rob Roy," " Guy Mannering," and " No ;"
 Paul Pry's intrusions, or Pong Wong's grimaces,
 Pritchard's deep agonies, or Mason's faces.
 Then, tho' from " Indies to the Pole" we rove,
 'Tis all " Sweet Home," " Young Love," or " Kelvin Grove."
 Nay, I expect some night, the Thane of Cawdor
 Will introduce " Blue Bonnets o'er the Border,"
 Nor should I wonder Hotspur taught his Starling
 To tell King Henry, " Charlie was *his* darling"—
 " *Toujours Perdrix*" wont do, that's very clear ;
 So, Call Boy (*enter Call Boy*) send Mr Murray here.

(*Exit Call Boy*).

And on the instant, friends let's try now whether
 We can't reform this system altogether.

Enter Mr MURRAY.

Come hither, Manager. (*Mr MURRAY bows respectfully.*)

Some hold opinion
 You've lately fail'd in talents for dominion ;
 So now to skill and character depone,
 Or else " Othello's occupation's gone ;"
 For if convicted here, beyond all doubt
 I take the reins myself and walk you out.

Mr MURRAY.

Sister, I need'st must think some better way——

Mrs H. SIDDONS.

I care not, William, what you think or say.
 Answer this question—Did last season pay?
 No.—Then, as like kings, the public do no wrong,
 To managers, like ministers, belong
 All faults and failures. But I'll talk no more;
 These are your judges, as I said before.
 (*To the audience.*) To your decision I refer his cause.
 Guilty, a hiss;—Not Guilty—then, applause.

Mr MURRAY (*to the audience and advancing.*)

Soft you, a word or two before I go—
 I've done the state some service, perhaps you know;
 No more of that. I pray you in your letters,
 Stating these deeds unlucky to my betters,
 Speak of me as I am, extenuate naught,
 Nor in malicious language set down aught—
 Then must you speak of one, who, truth to tell,
 Managed not wisely, but intended well,
 Who owns, a lady's anger to appease,
 He fail'd in judgment, not in wish to please;
 Set you down this, and set you down besides,
 He bends at once, to what your voice decides.
 If murmers follow me, I'm lost of men,
 But if applause—Richard's himself again!

Mrs H. SIDDONS.

Nem. con. 'tis carried; then I re-instate him,
 And Generalissimo anew create him.
 My hand shall sign, 'tis yours must set the seal,—
 A kindness which I trust he'll ever feel,
 And, like myself, for ever keep in view,
 He owes his All—to you—and you—and you.
 (*To Gallery, Boxes, and Pit.*)

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

JUNE 20, 1829.

Mr Murray not having appeared at the end of the Opera, he was assailed by the hisses of two or three parties on his entrance in the part of "Simpson & Co." With a look much less *comic* than usual, he spoke nearly as follows:—

"Symtoms of disapprobation from an Edinburgh audience

are so unusual in my case, that I feel justified in stopping to ask the cause. If the audience called for me, I was not informed of the fact; besides, I was dressing for my character, and it would not have been decorous to have appeared before you in that condition. If, however, it was expected that I should have addressed you on this occasion, I have to state that the annual address is usually made at the end of October. I also feel reluctant to annoy you with any account of our reverses; but I trust, by the production of a succession of novelties, to deserve your patronage, and through that patronage to be able to report more favourably in October, when I shall have the honour of addressing you."



CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 24, 1829.

(*Braham's Benefit.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The conclusion of our season demands the annual tribute of our thanks, and yet how to vary the words of my address, so as to avoid the dullness of eternal repetition, I know not. There are many ways of saying the same thing certainly, but you will not wonder at my present hesitation when you reflect that I have been *paying my addresses* to you for upwards of sixteen years. On a former occasion I assumed the dignity of a Lord Commissioner, and ventured to dissolve this our Theatrical House of Lords and Commons, but fatal experience convinced me of my error, and I now present myself in the more humble capacity of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, respectfully moving that you resolve yourselves into a Committee of the whole House, while I make a few allusions to the past, and then briefly open my budget of ways and means for the future.

The present season commenced most prosperously, and, for a time, promised to repair all previous disasters; but many weeks had not elapsed when events of a very painful nature clouded the public mind, and we, in common with other places of amusement, suffered considerable depression—a depression which, magnified by Madam Rumour with her hundred tongues, deprived us of most of that aid from London on which we had calculated. Indeed, during my late visit to

that metropolis, many of my friends expressed their regret that we should have been so often obliged to dismiss our audiences for the want of sufficient attendance. No, no, ladies and gentlemen, however limited the attendance, we knew the difficulty of getting you in too well to let you out again when once we had you. Alarmed by these reports, "my stars shone darkly over me;" and, driven to extremities, I decked myself in that irresistible charm, a scarlet jacket, and in the character of Sergeant Kite, ventured an appeal to the ladies of Edinburgh. It succeeded, and it is in a great measure owing to their kindness on that occasion that our losses are now so much less than we at one time anticipated. That we have suffered in common with every winter theatre of any rank in the kingdom, must be ascribed to the general depression of that period. That we have suffered less is owing to your liberality, and we with pleasure acknowledge our obligations. Indeed, last season, public attention was so engrossed by political feelings that the drama seemed forgotten, even by those who had been its firmest friends; and I have more than once been asked by residents in Edinburgh if the theatre was open, when some London performer of eminence was acting here. But that this indifference was not confined to Edinburgh I can prove by two anecdotes, given me by my friends, Young and Mathews, which, with your permission, I will repeat. Young once met a friend in London, who thus addressed him:—"My dear Young, how delighted I am to meet you;—quite well I see, and prepared for your labours. You'll be sorry to hear how the theatres are going down. You know I'm a theatrical man, and regret it deeply. But when do you appear? I'm waiting for you—watching anxiously for the legitimate drama. When do you come out?" This was about the middle of the season, and Young had been playing at Drury Lane from the very commencement, at least three nights a-week. The next instance was related to me by Mathews, with all that point and character which so eminently distinguish that celebrated comedian. Walking down the Strand, he was encountered by a respectable old gentleman, who began upon that heart-rending topic, theatrical distress, saying, "It was not so in my young days, Mr Mathews. Theatres prospered then, for you know I have been a theatrical man all my life; but, though I regret the

state of the patent theatres, I rejoice at your success. I have kept my eye on you. Full houses at the English Opera house every night, I see. Glad of it, on your account." At this time Mathews had been five months in partnership with Yates at the Adelphi. Then, ladies and gentlemen, with this indifference on the part of "theatrical people," can we wonder that the theatrical receipts have somewhat diminished? But to resume my official language, I am happy to say, that the revenue of the last quarter presents a favourable increase, leaving us no reason to apprehend any diminution in our national resources. I fear I have trespassed too long upon your patience, so will at once open my budget. To meet the expenses of the approaching season, I propose a tax. Don't start, ladies and gentlemen; I do not touch the necessaries of life. No; like a prudent financier, I lay all my *impositions* upon luxuries—tragedy, comedy, opera, play, farce, melodrama, and pantomime; and I propose collecting the usual duties upon those articles by the aid of Messrs Young, Macready, Vandenhoff, Cooke, Mathews, Liston, Miss Paton, Miss Jarman, Miss Foote, and that fair and bright luminary, Miss Fanny Kemble. I therefore move, that it may be lawful for us to levy the customary prices of admittance to this theatre in sums not exceeding five shillings, or less than sixpence, the surplus produce of such sums, should any surplus produce arise above the expense of collecting the said duties, to be paid into the private exchequer of Mrs Henry Siddons, to be applied to the purposes of her civil list, secret service money, and so forth. Standing in so singular a minority on this side of the house, I beg leave to second my own motion, and I trust your hands will carry it *nem. con.*

Ladies and Gentlemen,—As this is very probably the last time but one I shall ever have the honour of appearing before you on a similar occasion, I had intended to have troubled you with a few words on that very interesting subject, to me, myself; but as it is growing late, I will reserve them for my last dying speech and confession, only assuring you that I value your good opinion too highly, too justly, to forfeit it by neglecting any exertion in your service our resources will permit; and I confidently hope that the arrangements of the ensuing season will not deprive me of that approbation which has been my support and reward through twenty years of anxiety and

fatigue. I sincerely thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the indulgence with which you have listened to me, and once more respectfully take my leave.

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CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

JUNE 26, 1830.

DELIVERED BY MR KEMBLE.

(*Benefit of Miss F. Kemble.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—This being the last night of the theatrical season, I am deputed by Mrs Henry Siddons, in the absence of her brother, to make you the accustomed farewell address. Lest Mr Murray's absence, from one or two surmises which have reached me, may be imputed, if not to neglect, at least to carelessness of public opinion, I am induced, on behalf of my friend, to appeal to the candour and equity of those whom I have now the honour of addressing, and who will, if necessary, lend a willing ear to his vindication. The truth is, Mr Murray's health has been for some time declining, and in so alarming a degree, that his best friends saw no remedy but in an entire change of habits, and total relaxation from business. So great, however, was poor Murray's repugnance to "quit the post assigned him here," that nothing but Mrs Siddons' conviction that the preservation of his life might depend upon his compliance with their wishes, could induce him to yield to the advice of his physicians, or the more anxious entreaties of sisterly love,—combined, however, they prevailed, and I have now the satisfaction of informing his friends and the public, that he is considerably recovered, and that the first use which he has made of returning health has been to devote himself with all the ardour, which you know he possesses, to the projected improvements of this establishment, under the new patent; to the renovation of the scenery and wardrobes; to the engagement of the most distinguished talent which is to be procured; and, in short, to every other circumstance which may contribute and render the Edinburgh Theatre worthy of that galaxy of beauty, and the host of talent and of rank, which I now see before me. Your applause convinces me, that, on this point, I need say no more, and that the man, whom I am

happy to call my friend, has been, in your opinion, fully justified. The season has been, upon the whole, a satisfactory, though not a very profitable one; and I am enjoined by Mrs Siddons to return you her best thanks for the patronage which has made it so, together with her heartfelt acknowledgments of all your goodness to her during the long period of the now expiring patent. She begs me to assure you, that while she exists that goodness will be remembered by her with emotions of the sincerest regard and most profound respect. The company, ladies and gentlemen, entertain a lively sense of the encouragement which their various talents have received from you during the season; and though the last, not the least sensible of the debt they owe for the highly distinguished reception which they have met with in Edinburgh, my daughter and I beg to record our grateful testimony of your extreme kindness and liberality. And now, ladies and gentlemen, with united wishes for your general health and prosperity, in the well known lines of a bard, not less endeared to English than to Scottish hearts, I most respectfully take my leave:—

“To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light.”



COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON.

NOVEMBER 17, 1830.

SPOKEN BY MISS JARMAN.

The *Weekly Journal* says, “We want room for inserting the whole of this address, but have unspeakable pleasure in making the following brief, but memorable quotation:—

“So much for foreign policy; at home,
While thro’ the ever-changing scene we roam,
As o’er the mirror of our mimic art,
Nightly we come, like shadows so depart;
If this be certain, as we onward pass,
Nor word nor deed impure shall stain the glass.
Dulness we may be guilty of, but our stage
War to the knife with every vice shall wage;
Nor in the brilliant temple of the Nine,
Shall tainted incense e’er pollute the shrine.”

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

JUNE 4, 1831.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Gladly escaping from the absurdities of Master Lackaday, I present myself before you in my own character, appearing, as my legal friends would say, for my own interest, to thank my kind patrons for the support they have afforded me since I commenced my present arduous undertaking. This evening will terminate the first season of the new patent—a season which has fought its way through a period of excitement and agitation, extremely prejudicial to all places of public amusement, and particularly so to theatres—yet I believe, and I make the statement very gratefully, that the Edinburgh Theatre has weathered the storm as well, if not better, than most of its contemporaries. It may not have equalled my expectations, but the past gives me no fears for the future. One season cannot make nor mar a patent; and though the winter voyage has been a rough one, I have the prospect of a very pleasant summer trip before me, in a tight little vessel, well-manned and rigged, and Captain Yates shall find, that although long accustomed to command, I will take my turn before the mast willingly and honestly. The length of the amusements this evening renders me unwilling to trespass upon your patience; but as it may be considered the first occasion on which I have appeared before you officially as patentee of the Edinburgh Theatre, I am unwilling to lose the opportunity of publicly offering my thanks to those gentlemen to whom, next to yourselves, I owe the appointment. I say next to yourselves, for I am well aware that had I not been honoured with your confidence, had you not received my humble efforts in your service with favour and applause, private interest would have availed me nothing with the distinguished characters to whom the disposal of the patent was entrusted. I assure you that I am deeply impressed with a sense of what I owe to the public and to the assignees, and trust my conduct will prove the sincerity of this declaration. I shall employ all the leisure my new manager will allow me in making such preparations for the next winter season as may merit a continuation of your patronage; and during the vacation, we propose several alterations in the interior of this theatre, tend-

ing, I hope, to your comfort and increased accommodation. Ladies and gentlemen, again thanking you, both in my own name, and that of the company in general, I make my bow, respectfully announcing that, from this evening, the Theatre-Royal will remain closed until Monday the 3d of October.

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COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 3, 1831.

“Now is the summer of our discontent
 Made glorious winter ;” and, on profit bent,
 Doctors of all degrees return to town ;
 Learning resumes her rod, the law her gown,
 Flies to the House, and drags the wig well curl'd,
 As from Pandora's box, to fret the world.
 Now Madam Eve with lengthening visage sees,
 Her votaries flying the Autumnal breeze ;
 All seek the town, as rattling down each glen,
 Roar the trade-winds that fill our shops again.
 While the poor Sun, with summer's work half-dead,
 Puts his brief candle out, and walks to bed,
 We take the hint, recall our wandering corps,
 And as day closes open wide our doors.
 Our harvest needs not the bright God of Noon,
 As Falstaff says, “We're minions of the moon,”—
 “Diana's Foresters,”—gay lads of shade,
 Who 'neath a borrowed light pursue our trade,
 And who, like Falstaff's rogues, “sound men and true,”
 Lighten your spirits and your pockets too.
 Since last we parted, I suppose you've been
 Changing, like your poor servants here, the scene ;
 Naples and Venice may have met your eyes,
 And Florence, sparkling 'neath Italian skies.
 Yet could these splendours, crowned by lordly Rome,
 Quite, gentle friends, eradicate Sweet Home ?
 Like that good honest laird, whom doctors drove
 From Tweed's sweet banks, o'er Europe's plains to rove,
 When safe returned, he kissed his native ground,
 His friends and relatives thronged anxious round.
 “Well, tell us, Sandy, where, man, hae ye been,
 What mountains clambered, and what cities seen ?”

" Why, truly, neighbours, I've not much to tell,
I've been to Paris, liked it pretty well ;
At Brussels, Berlin, and a place they ca'—
Hoot—hoot—a brig of Earn, man—the spa.
Seen Mount Vesuvius, rising from afar,
Like a huge dandy smoking his cigar ;
But love of home no foreign land enfeeble—
Paris—oh, fie ! for pleasure give me Peebles."
Then let us hope the same kind feeling sends
Back to these walls unchanged, unchanging friends.
You will acknowledge, since we closed our doors,
We have not idly slept upon our oars,
For, since the fashion now is reformation,
We have been busy too with alteration ;
Allowing room for fully six feet men ;
Restored the price of votes of schedule P,
And, in return, sent back to schedule G
For boxes, ta'en from upper schedule B.
All has been done our time, our means, could do ;
Approval rests, my lords and gents., with you.
Our bill, with its amendments, we submit
To you, dread boxes, gallery, and pit !
Assured an honest sentence we shall meet,
Though every member here has paid his seat.
So to end all debate, i' faith here goes
To find which carries it, the " ayes," or " noes."
You'll own I'm speaker, (though, when bent on riot,
The speaker couldn't keep you quiet).
Suppose me seated,—while upon the ear
Burst cries of " question ! " mixed with " Hear, hear, hear ! "
The wordy battle rends the heated air,
I call to " order," you cry " Chair, chair, chair ! "
At length my lungs official still the mass,
With " Is't your pleasure that the bill do pass ? "
You that approve, applaud, and you shall save it—
Not a dissentient murmur—the ayes have it.

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

JULY 28, 1832.

The all prevailing passion of the age
 Is "something new," both on and off the stage.
 The cry is "novelty,"—so, stay your laughter,
 Whilst in compliance with the wish, and after
 Many a stale unprofitable year,
 I state, *as something new*, I now appear,
 For a successful manager, let me say,
 Is a *great novelty* in the present day.
 When a Post Captain first I took command
 Upon the quarter-deck, where now I stand,
 The gallant ship refitted, spread the sail,
 Gave all her spreading canvass to the gale,
 And for a time the watchword was "all's well."
 But who the turn of fortune's wheel can tell?
 Dark storms arose—we found 'twas easier then
 To hoist a sail, than take it in again.
 Around, the waves of *party* swelled on high,
 Above, her vivid lightnings scared the sky;
 We "*scudded*," "*wore*," then *tried*, but all in vain—
 Under bare poles we stagger'd o'er the main,
 Till the Reform Bill, in one peal of thunder,
 Swept o'er our mimic bark, and sent us under.
 We rose again, 'tis true, but a mere wreck,
 Sails, yards, and cordage, strewed the shattered deck;
 So, "*helm a-port*," we quickly bore away,
 Bringing the vessel up in *Shakespeare Bay*.
 Tho' many hundred pounds the worse for wear,
 Ill luck was never mended by despair.
 We therefore made the good ship tight and yare—
 Widened the *state-rooms*, and *between decks* too,
 Knock'd down some *bulk heads*, which annoyed the crew.
 Then, *under weigh again*, the master said,
 "Sky thick and greasy still, sir, squalls a-head."
 "What then, my heart—in dock we cannot tarry,
 I'll show no sail but what I know she'll carry.
 When in our teeth the adverse tempest raves,
 We'll make all snug, then *luff*, and breast the waves;

But when a favouring *point* cheers up the day,
 Let out a reef or two and edge away."
 Thus have we gained our port—*dues* paid, all clear—
 With something to diminish loss last year.
 Said I all dues were paid? One duty yet
 Remains unsatisfied—the honest debt
 Of gratitude to you. Yet what to say,
 In payment of a debt, words ne'er can pay,
 I know not, save a prayer that fate may bless
 You every coming year with health—with happiness.
 So much for one concern—now for the other.
 I mean the Adelphi. There I've lost my brother—
 My partner Yates; a manager so civil,
 Having "a tongue to wheedle with the devil."
 When first he talked of partnership, I thought it stuff,
 Deeming one theatre for one head enough;
 But with his arguments he still'd each doubt—
 Got me fast in—and then, sly rogue, walked out.
 Still, I confess, no coward fears I feel,
 I'll boldly set my shoulder to the wheel.
 What in such times a willing heart can do,
 I'll do—and fearlessly confide in you.



CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1832.

(*Adelphi.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I suspect my frequent re-appearance this evening will recall to many present the old story of Monsieur Tonson, and some will be tempted to exclaim, "Be gar, here's Monsieur Tonson come again;" notwithstanding which, like my brother magistrate of the night, the worthy Mr Dogbury, "I can find in my heart to bestow all my tediousness upon you," rather than incur the charge of neglect, or, indeed, ingratitude, by omitting the expression of those thanks so justly your due. When I look around and see so many theatres closing their doors, or only keeping open under heavy losses, I cannot but feel deeply grateful to you for the support you have afforded to this establishment. In the present state of affairs, theatrical speculations remind me of an

anecdote I once heard of an old Frenchman, who was engaged in one of the English provincial theatres, and which, with your permission, I will relate. I should premise, that, in former times, performers were compelled by their letters of engagement to take what was too often very erroneously called *benefits*, the manager securing the expenses of the night by putting the actor under a weekly deduction of salary from the very commencement of the season, and continuing the same until the full sum was made up. This was a tax the unhappy Frenchman had long laboured to evade, his *benefit* had always entailed a loss which his slender finances were little able to contend with, but in vain was all the winning grace peculiar to his country expanded on the flinty heart of the manager. "Oh, sair, be so good, *s'il vous plait*—do not let me have a *benefice* dis year. I am ruined by my *benefices* an oder time, but not dis year, *s'il vous plait*." "*S'il vous nonsense*," replied the theatrical despot. "'Tis the rule, everybody in my company must have a *benefit*." The unlucky victim shrugged his shoulders and submitted. Bad luck now, better another time, was his motto; and gradually his losses diminished, until one season, he was addressed by a friend—"Well, Francois, what sort of a *benefit* last night?" "Oh, magnifique!" exclaimed the delighted Frenchman, "superb, beautiful, une grande *benefice* dis year, only lose five pounds." This, ladies and gentlemen, is a picture of modern management; and if my French friend was so enraptured at having lost only "five pounds," what must I feel who have not lost anything. I would now, ladies and gentlemen, conclude, did I not feel that I have a delicate, a painful duty to discharge, and in the performance of which I must throw myself upon your kindness and consideration. It is well known that, at one period, the Edinburgh theatre owed its existence to the success of what was called "the Waverley Dramas," and my silence upon the recent loss our country has sustained might be misinterpreted. That great man, whose name now fills every mouth from the peer to the peasant, was peculiarly the object of reverential regard to the members of the Scottish stage; for to the success which attended the dramatic adaptations from his splendid works, aided by his powerful influence and assistance, we owe the establishment of that fund, the first anniversary of which he immortalized, by

declaring himself the author of *Waverley*; and to which the poor, sick, and disabled actor, when incapacitated from fretting his brief hour upon the stage, can look for subsistence. To eulogize such a name as Sir Walter Scott's is unnecessary—were it, this is not the place, nor am I the person competent to do so; but the moment rapidly approaches when the Edinburgh theatre will seize the opportunity of testifying, by more than words, its respect for the memory of its illustrious benefactor. Ladies and gentlemen, I respectfully take my leave.

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COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON.

MAY 25, 1833.

(*Adelphi.*)

Actors are patent copying machines,
 And imitation forms their "ways and means;"
 So, like the King of France, who, with his men,
 Marched up a hill, and then—marched down again,
 We down from Skakespeare to St James Square,
 To fret and strut our summer hours repair,
 Then with the winter breezes wheel around,
 Marching up hill to take our former ground;
 Though here or there, at present I'm afraid,
 A manager is but a down-hill trade.
 As pacing Princes Street the other night,
 I heard a most extensive whiskered wight
 Thus crush my hopes—"What bill is this? A play!
 To stew the lieges in the month of May;
 I hate their crowded Theatres—better, far,
 Nature's sweet breath improved with a cigar."
 Cries Mrs Wigsby, "Pri'thee, let us go
 To the Adelphi, love, and see the show."
 "Pshaw!" grunts the pamper'd spouse, "Don't be a fool,
 Save your three shillings and enjoy the cool."
 Pouting is useless, trudge the lady must,
 Broiled in the sun, and blinded with the dust;
 And as they tuck up Arthur's Seat together,
 He cries, "delightful walking, very charming weather."
 Thus 'tis of Theatres, the hapless lot,
 To be in winter cold, in summer much too hot.

In sober sadness plays are on the wane,
For some unfashionable—some profane.
Though foreign airs can make even this a place,
Where a fair saint may show her serious face,
Last winter, when Donizelli played Othello,
A friend of mine, a merry-hearted fellow,
Saw a precise one in the boxes sit,
“Ah!” cried my friend, “I’m glad to see you’re bit
By these amusements.” “Sir,” said the dame,
“My thoughts of theatres are still the same;
Yet hold it innocent to see a play,
When I don’t understand a word they say.”
Thus foreign wares are still the ruling passion,
Kicking poor native actors out of fashion,
Who, hapless wretches, loose both fame and food,
Because unluckily they’re understood.
What we at last shall come to, who shall say?
Year after year some gem is torn away.
Kemble is gone, and now the tragic scene
Bewails her latest master—Kean,
That meteor eye—that fierce volcanic mind,
Which revelled in the passions of mankind;
Spurning the bounds of art, and greatly rash;
’Twas nature, “*reading Shakespeare by the flash
Of the red lightning.*” All is fled—
All still—all silent—numbered with the dead.
Kean sleeps beneath the monumental stone,
And *Richard, Shylock, and Othello’s* gone.
As Garrick said—the painter’s art may live,
And with the poet’s in their works survive
To after ages. Nought can save
The actors’ fleeting trophies from the grave;
Tho’ for a time your memories may keep
Their kindly vigils where your favourite sleep,
Yet to your children we are things unknown—
They’ll boast of Keans and Kembles of their own:
Therefore the poor, the transitory player,
Is surely, friends, your own peculiar care.
From future years we nothing have in view—
We toil not for posterity, but you.
Then turn not from us, countrymen, but give

Some smiles, and let the British Drama live.
 Kembles and Keans may grace the stage again,
 And thank you for your kindness to us—lesser men.



CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1834.

(*Adelphi.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is much easier to acknowledge a failure gracefully, than to return thanks in adequate terms for benefits conferred. An unsuccessful manager comes before you with such claims upon your sympathy. It is so interesting to see him standing “like patience on a monument smiling at grief,” that the ladies exclaim “poor dear fellow, how well he bears it, he has really done all he can.” Even the rougher hearts of the men relent as they acknowledge that the poor devil has done all he can; but theatres are no go now. While the more ancient patrons of the drama sigh over the weaknesses of these latter days, and say, “Aye, aye, theatres are not what they were in my young days. Still it must be confessed that the manager has done all he can.” Thus the unfortunate Thespian, retiring with the commiseration of all parties,

“Makes a golden set,
 And by the ruddy brightness of his track,
 Gives promise of a goodly day to-morrow.”

But you, ladies and gentlemen, have deprived me of all these advantages. You have not left me one loop-hole to attach your commiseration, for every effort this season has been crowned with the most decided success. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will tell you the difficulty I labour under—as a prudent general never advances till he has secured his retreat, so I always begin my season by composing my farewell address, and not anticipating any extraordinary success from the summer, I had concocted a very fair sort of speech, comprising “fervent gratitude,” “look forward to better times,” “respectfully adieu,” &c. &c. &c.; but what was my astonishment when, at the end of the very first week of our season, the treasurer declared a balance in favour. Had I three ears I could have heard him. I doubted; but, flying to the treasury chambers, there was the

"balance." I could scarcely credit my eyes, and exclaimed with Macbeth,

"Is this a balance which I see before me,
And ready to my hand; come let me clutch thee."

I did so, it was no "creation of the heat oppressed brain," but a *bona fide* display of hard cash; and I walked forth with all the complacency of a man who is entitled to tack to his name the honorary abbreviations of L. S. D., "being the Roman initials for pounds, shillings, and pence." Still, being afflicted with a considerable preponderance of what the phrenologists term cautiousness, like my friend Long Tom, I continued to look out for squalls. But no squalls came—our course was unclouded; and as the season advanced, "the balance"

"Grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength," until it makes a most respectable figure in the ledger; but then, ladies and gentlemen, though I have gained my balance, I have lost my speech—a very fair speech for an ordinary season, but totally unworthy of one which your patronage has rendered so triumphant.

In this unfurnished state was I coming before you, when suddenly a piece of paper caught my eye, I picked it up and found it labelled, "Report of the Select Committee, appointed by the Honourable the Patrons of the Adelphi Theatre, to inquire into, and report upon, the present state of that establishment." Now, as this said report appears to be very accurately drawn up, it may supply the place of my defunct speech, and I will, with your kind permission, read it:—

"It appears to your committee that the manager of the Adelphi Theatre, with that laudable attention to his own interest for which gentlemen of his craft are distinguished, has, throughout the season, made considerable exertions to obtain the approbation of this honourable house. Upon a strict examination of the bills, your committee find, that, during a season of sixteen weeks, there have been rehearsed and performed three tragedies, eight plays, seven operas, twelve burlettas, fourteen melo-dramas, seventeen farces, nine interludes, and eight ballets and pantomimes, added to a multitude of songs, dances, and other intermediate amusements, the enumeration of which would only fatigue the attention of this honourable house. But they may be permitted to remark, that out of the above list of entertainments, twenty have been entirely new to

the Edinburgh stage; and, as a further proof of the unwearied zeal and activity of all connected with this establishment, your committee feel bound to state that, during the ninety-six nights of the season, the number of separate acts which have been performed amount to six hundred and sixty-one, averaging nearly seven on each night of performance. But while your committee willingly acknowledge this unremitted labour, they must remark that it has been more than repaid by the liberality of the Honourable the Patrons—the receipts considerably exceeding those of any former season. Upon this point your committee most strictly examined the manager, and though they must remark that they found him particularly shy in showing his books, yet he acknowledged his success in very warm terms, and appeared sincerely grateful for the kindness he had experienced from this honourable house. The performers also, from the dignified exclusive who confines his exertions to one range of characters, to the humble utilitarian who makes his exit in company with the tables and chairs, all participated in the same feeling, and expressed their delight at the manner in which their patrons had received and rewarded their efforts to amuse.

“Your committee have nothing further to remark, save that, having learned that all disputes between the manager and the trustees of the Theatre-Royal have been referred to arbitration, they respectfully, and for the want of a better, recommend the said manager to the continued support of the honourable patrons of the drama, feeling that Mr Murray may ground his claim to public approbation upon the acknowledged principle, that ‘bad is the best.’”

Allow me now, ladies and gentlemen, to move that this report be received and approved; and to assure you that it but speaks the truth, when it states both manager and actor as truly grateful for the liberal support you have honoured us with throughout the season.

To this I must add my thanks—a very inadequate return, I confess—for the honour you have conferred upon me as an individual. Ladies and gentlemen, I cannot do justice to my feelings for your constant kindness, and request you will pardon any deficiency. It is my intention to open the Theatre-Royal in November next; until when, with the truest wishes for your health and happiness, I respectfully take my leave.

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

MAY 1, 1835.

(Theatre-Royal.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Let an actor say what he pleases, or affect what ease of manner he can, it is a nervous thing to address an audience—to address you, ladies and gentlemen—in good set terms, deliberately, or, as a lawyer would say, with “*malice prepense* ;” and I certainly never remember presenting myself before you under feelings of greater apprehension than I do at the present moment; for if the merits of a manager’s “farewell” should bear any proportion to the success of the season it tolls the knell of, this ought to be the best speech manager ever made, and yet I fear it threatens to be the worst; for, like the Irishman who declared that he never tried to chuck himself up heads, that he didn’t come down tails, I never was so liable to failure as when most anxious to succeed. That such is my unlucky tendency, I can prove by the relation of an anecdote connected with that pride and ornament of the British stage—the great Mrs Siddons; and though the said anecdote will tell *pretty considerably* against your humble servant, yet as it may serve to amuse you, my kind friends, you shall even have the laugh against me. Mrs Siddons was one evening, within these very walls, performing Queen Catherine in Shakespeare’s Henry VIII., a specimen of her transcendent talents, which many now before me will remember with admiration and delight. I had the honour of representing the secretary Cromwell upon that occasion, and in the fourth act, when I relate to the sick Queen the death of Cardinal Wolsey, I had the happiness to gain your approbation. The next morning I received a note from Mrs Siddons requesting me to call upon her. I did so: she complimented me upon the performance of the preceding evening; but added, that, she thought, my manner of delivering the death of Wolsey might be improved, and that, if I had no objection, she would read it to me. I need not say, ladies and gentlemen, how gratefully I accepted her kind offer; and I am sure I need not tell an Edinburgh audience that Mrs Siddons’ elocution was the very perfection of the art. To proceed—three nights after the play was repeated, and conning my lesson, I anticipated a splendid triumph, calculating, at least,

upon three rounds of applause for every former one. The play commenced—the scene approached—the moment came—not certainly “big with the fate of Cato and of Rome,” but “big with the fate of *Murray and his speech*”—when, just as I was on the point of commencing, I saw the dying Queen turn herself comfortably round in her arm-chair, and bending her full, dark, and majestic eyes upon me, prepare to enjoy my triumph. Oh, ladies and gentlemen, as my friend Lloyd says in “*Married Life*,”—“Oh them eyes.” The recollection of the splendid effects she had produced when reading the passage clapped an extinguisher upon my unhappy speech, and my anticipated thunders of applause evaporated in a death-like silence, only broken by the following fatal sounds from her majesty—“*Very bad indeed.*” Thus upon the present occasion, when I would “call spirits from the vasty deep” to aid in the expression of my thanks, I fear a failure, and dread a repetition of those death-dealing words—“*very bad indeed.*” Yet do not, pray do not impute my failure to any want of gratitude. After four years of labour, anxiety, and loss, I stand before the friends and patrons who have freed me from all difficulties; and I must solicit them to increase the debt I owe them, by imagining those feelings of gratitude which, upon my honour, I have not at the present moment words to express. The success of this season has a double claim upon my gratitude, for it will very probably terminate the unpleasant disputes which have so long existed between me and the trustees of Mrs Henry Siddons. It has enabled me to withdraw my claim for a reduction of rent; and that bone of contention removed, I hope all other differences may yet be amicably adjusted.

Ladies and gentlemen,—I trust my arrangements for the summer season will meet a continuation of your favour and support. You need not fear my diligence. Ladies and gentlemen, I have some little friends at home who are excellent antidotes to idleness; but, were I, like Bob Acres, a bachelor, and paid the tax, I could need no spur in the service of such kind, such liberal masters and mistresses as those before me. Ladies and gentlemen, again and again I thank you for the success of this season; and hoping soon to meet you in that temple of mirth and song, the Adelphi, I, in my own name, and in

that of my brother performers, gratefully and respectfully
take my leave.



COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON.

MAY 30, 1835.

(*Adelphi.*)

As planets through the realms of ether flow,
So travel, daily, newspapers below ;
With the whole chit-chat of all Europe fraught,
From the Land's End they fly to John o'Groat's.
And of that mortal planet sad's the fate,
Who bumps 'gainst comets of "the Fourth Estate."
Touch but the tail, it sets you in a blaze,
For tails are ticklish members now-a-days.
Heads were of value once, but now we see,
Taught by comparative anatomy,
The use of tails at an extremity,
Our statesmen choosing parties to assist 'em
Composed of men on the Monboddo system,
The Thanes of *Canda*, who most potently
Wag their dependent vertebræ.
In short, if any doubt the power of tail,
Visit *St Stephens* or the great north whale.
But to return—in newspapers you'll find
Food for the ruling tastes of all mankind.
"The ring," "'Change Alley," last new ministry,
Gas, winds, political consistency,
The last election, ballot for committee,
Unredeemed pledges, auction in the city,
These fix the husband ; but my lady goes
To metal more attractive, well she knows
Advertisements like swallows herald spring,
And as the days increase the columns ring
With "Fresh arrivals of cheap cotton goods,"
"Silks," "Ayrshire needle-work," "Merinoes," "Hoods."
Across the breakfast-table madam calls—
"Blackwood, my dear, has got some India shawls,
And Mr William Pike, 8 Hunter Square,
Some printed muslins fit for summer wear,

All bought on advantageous money terms,
In manufacturing towns, from manufacturing firms."
Her fatter half, who little heeded her,
Lights on the words "Adelphi theatre,"
And reads, "the manager has just come down
With a few fancy articles from town,
Fast colours, warranted to please at sight—
And look extremely well—by candle light.
Added to these new members of the sock
Remain some portion of the winter stock,
Stout, lasting patterns, which have never cloyed,
Miss Newton, Nicol, Stanley, Barker, Lloyd,
Alias Jack Rag, in which the merry knave
Gained far more credit than he ever gave.
Murray then stakes his firm determination
To labour hard for public approbation ;
Concluding with the usual statement—
Small profits—ready money—no abatement."
Like other traders, I must do my best,
To puff my articles, and for a jest
Flourish my penny trumpet with the rest.
Forgive my doggrels—spare the faltering line,
Not for its merits, but for auld langsyne.
Some read Othello's visage in his mind,
I will reverse the plan, and hope to find
Your minds are in your faces. You look so kind,
And ever have done—pray don't alter
To an old servant—'till he prove defaulter.
And if you'll take my own security,
I'll pledge it, trusting that futurity
Will prove your manager has nought in view
But making money—first, by just pleasing you.
Then let your hands support my mimic rule,
Till time, like Banquo's ghost, shall push me from my stool.

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1835.

(Adelphi.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Many years have passed since I first took the liberty of paying my addresses to you, and though I fear that the tone of them may appear at times a little egotistical, I cannot resist the temptation they throw in my way of once or twice a-year casting aside the trappings of the actor, and in my own person gratefully acknowledge those favours which you so liberally bestow on me. Many of my brother managers veil the seductive pronoun *I* beneath the more majestic *we*, under which they open their valedictory trenches, and so bombard the ears of their auditors with what “*we* have done—the pieces *we* have brought forward—the unprecedented expenses *we* have incurred—and the incredible exertions *we* have made in the service of a liberal and enlightened public,” that the said public cannot, in common civility, do less than repay the multitudinous manager with repeated shouts of enthusiastic approbation, and unanimously vote the aforesaid “*we*” to be one of the cleverest individuals in his profession. In the great national theatres, where business is conducted by a cabinet as numerous as that of St James’, and where the premier is as difficult to get a sight of as the comet, the regal “*we*” is allowable; but here, ladies and gentlemen, where it is well known that I am “Jove in his chair, of the shy Lord Mayor,” a compendium of the legislative and executive, the very head and front of my own offending, such magniloquence would be absurd, and I therefore come before you in all the insignificance of my own individuality, and offer you my sincere and grateful thanks for the great success which has crowned this season; a success exceeding my own expectations, and which must have realised even your kindest wishes. During the years I have had the honour of conducting your theatrical amusements, I have known all the lights and shadows of managerial life; and often, when standing on the very verge of bankruptcy, has the dark fiend despair tempted me as he did poor Launcelot Gobbo, and whispered at my elbow, “Murray, manager, Murray, good manager, or good Murray, or good manager Murray, use your legs, take the start and run away.” But “my conscience, hanging about the

neck of my heart, said very wisely to me—budge not; and my friend and patron, Mr John Kemble, re-echoed budge not—adding, my dear fellow, never despair, something will start up, a great actor or a great elephant, or a transparency of Lord Rodney.” I said, “dear sir, what do you mean by a transparency of Lord Rodney?” He smiled, and told me the following anecdote:—A provincial manager whose season had been extremely disastrous, determined to make one grand effort to retrieve his fortunes, and announced a new and splendid nautical spectacle, which was to terminate with a view of the British fleet, and a magnificent transparency of Lord Rodney. Public curiosity was excited by the unusual effort, and at an early hour the house was crammed. The play commenced, and the new spectacle was to conclude the evening. But, alas! the artist from whose creative pencil all the scenic magnificence was to spring was one more addicted to his glass than his palette, and as yet, Lord Rodney and the British fleet existed only in the “mind’s eye” of the distracted manager. Time flew—the play proceeded, and yet no fleet—no admiral. Never did the famished garrison of Gibraltar, in the memorable 1780, pant for the arrival of the gallant Rodney with more anxiety than did our hapless manager. But in vain—word was brought that the incorrigible painter was—pardon the expression—drunk in bed, and nothing remained but to state the facts, and, ruinous catastrophe, return the money. In this moment of agony, the factotum of the principal butcher in the town presented himself, and said—“Well, measter manager, master has heard of your house turning out so well to-night, and has sent me to ax payment of this here little account,” unrolling a bill of some six and thirty inches long. Now, ladies and gentlemen, it is necessary that you should be told that this same applicant was in figure the prototype of Falstaff, in face, a *fac-simile* of Bardolph—every feature distended and illuminated with good eating, good drinking, and good humour; he was, moreover, a great wit, and a universal favourite in the town. “Come, measter manager,” repeats the jolly butcher, “as the house has turned out so well to-night.” “Don’t talk of turning out,” groaned the manager, “they *are* going to turn out

The cloud capt gallery, the gorgeous boxes,
The great pit itself,

Yea all which it inherit will turn out,
And asking for their money at the doors,
Leave not a pound behind."

At this moment the eye of the despairing manager rested upon the blazing and good humoured visage of the butcher, a ray of hope darted across him, he dragged his victim into an adjoining dressing room—a guinea and a bottle of wine settled his business. The butcher was decked in an admiral's uniform. An old cocked hat stuck upon his head, a sword in his hand, and placed behind a row of canvass water, like a kit-cat portrait, with a ship stuck on each side of him, was my friend the butcher presented to the expecting audience as the transparency of Lord Rodney. The gods recognising their fat friend, cheered him to the very echo. The manager seized the lucky moment, rushed on and stated the facts. All was mirth and good humour—no money returned. The next morning the painter was at his post. The fleet and Lord Rodney were finished, the piece ran seventeen nights, and saved the season. After this anecdote, ladies and gentlemen, I never have despaired—I never will. With thanks for the past, I will continue to strain every nerve in the execution of my duty, and trust the future to you, and my noble and transparent friend Lord Rodney. To my own thanks, I am requested to add those of every member of the company, and, until November next, we respectfully bid you farewell.

—-o—

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON.

NOVEMBER 7, 1835.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—May I be allowed to construe the applause with which you have so kindly received me, as evincing your approval of the experiment I have this evening commenced. I own that I anticipated this division, for while I have received many letters commendatory of the change, but one has reached me condemning it, and that only upon the principle that it was likely to fill the theatre before the writer could leave his office. Now, though these are not the times in which the manager of a theatre can afford to lose a single friend, I cannot regret, or hastily consent to alter an arrangement likely to produce so desirable an event. But if the writer will oblige

me by making the trial, I suspect he will very frequently find more room than he wants, or I either. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the approbation with which you have honoured the amusement of this evening ; and from the engagements I have been enabled to form, I trust that not a week of the present season will pass unenlivened by the production of some novelty, or the appearance of some star of metropolitan magnitude. Ladies and gentlemen, the patronage you have honoured me with renders every exertion on my part a debt due to you ; and be assured, I will endeavour to discharge that debt with zeal and fidelity.



CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

JUNE 21, 1836.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The final dropping of the curtain this evening will balance accounts with us for the winter season, and, in laying the annual statement before you, I gladly acknowledge Murray and Company debtors to Messrs Box, Pit, and Galleries, for a very successful campaign. When I commenced my labours, I ventured upon the somewhat hazardous experiment of reducing the prices of admittance, at the same time pledging myself that the said reduction should not deteriorate the style of our amusements ; and if you will oblige me by casting a retrospective glance upon the season, and recollect that, during its progress, Sheridan Knowles, the first dramatist of the day, and one well worthy of a brighter era in our dramatic literature, has been before you, accompanied by his fair and talented pupil, Miss Elphinstone. When you consider that to these succeeded your native melodists, Sinclair and Wilson, followed by that sparkling gem of the sister isle, Power—that model of a British seaman, Cooke—and last, not least, your own Kean—when to such a host of talent you add the exertions of De Begnis and his Italian company, varied by the production of a very successful pantomime, and other novelties, aided by all that dress or scenery could bestow, I hope you will allow that I have redeemed my pledge. I have resolved to adhere to the existing arrangement during the summer, convinced, that if at any time I find that the reduction

militates against my forming such a resident company, or the engagement of such occasional visitors as you are entitled to expect, you will allow me to amend my libel, and add and eik by resuming the first and second prices as formerly. On Saturday next, ladies and gentlemen, I hope to have the honour of opening the Adelphi to you, which I trust you will find deserving of your continued patronage; for I assure you that no expense or exertion has been spared in preparing it for your reception. You will meet most of your old-established favourites, for when I go farther, I frequently fare worse; though I shall from time to time take the liberty of introducing some new candidates for your favour. I know the general demand for novelty; but, in the recruiting department, my difficulties increase as the London theatres multiply. When I started in management, there were about six open nightly; there are now, I believe, seven-and-twenty. Add to which, the American manager drains us terribly. No sooner do we poor manufacturers work the raw material into something like Richard, Shylock, or Othello, then off it goes for the foreign market—and on we go, like the witches in Macbeth,

“Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble;
Cooking up actors, who
Come like shadows, so depart.”

Still I do not despair; and, if my summer efforts meet half the approbation you have so liberally bestowed upon my winter labours I shall be more than rewarded, and shall then, as I do now, beg you to accept the sincere thanks of your obliged and grateful servant.

—o—

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON.

JUNE 25, 1836.

(*Adelphi.*)

Like the poor chrysalis, who with the spring
Bursts from the web, and tries its golden wing,
Man doffs his macintosh, and now is seen
In all the yellow radiance of nankeen.
Warmed by the sun, he thinks not of the day
When credit ceases, and 'tis time to pay,
But buys the silken sock and well-turned shoe,

Dips into Williams' for a new surtout,
 Mounts a drab castor, furnished by Mackay,
 And blazes forth the perfect butterfly ;
 But thus equipped, the insect shuns the walls
 Which kindly sheltered him from winter squalls,
 Deserts the theatre and concert rooms,
 Whose glittering gas dispelled December's gloom.
 But not alone the sparkling ingrates go,
 The love-sick damsel follows faithless beau ;
 Pa and mama must swell the vast migration,
 Leaving behind a perfect desolation.
 And yet not perfect till the courts arise,
 When from her house of call Astræa flies—
 That day, when formerly the macers flew
 Forth to the Outer-House with loud halloo,
 When writers—clerks—nay, counsel—joined the rout,
 And pokes, dust, stones, and sand-bags flew about ;
 When e'en a judge was seen the joys to share,
 Hurling his wig in the astonished air,
 'Till some revolving ink-stand having shed
 Its tide on his emancipated head
 The thing was voted a contempt of court,
 And with the fatal ink-stand fill the sport ;
 For a sederunt " sixteen sixty-three"
 For ever crushed the unhallowed revelry.
 Naught remains of customs once so famous,
 Save the last festival, the *Gaudiamus*.
 That done, judge, juryman, and learned brother,
 All leave the town—all follow one another ;
 And thus each year, 'till winter winds restore 'em,
 Auld Reekie makes her "*Cessio Bonorum*."
 If I might venture, friends, to parody
 A verse or two of Gray's famed elegy,
 Thus would I sing in imitative strains
 The loneliness which then around us reigns :—

The year has toll'd the knell of fashion's day,
 And all her children seek the azure sea ;
 E'en the Lord Provost, too, has flown away,
 And left the town to solitude and me.

Now fade the glittering throng from Princes Street,
 And Charlotte Square a solemn stillness holds,
 Save when a doctor in his gig we meet
 Scenting a fever or a few stray colds—

Save when you hear some moping judge complain
 Of cruel fate which keeps him from the hills,
 And makes him most reluctantly remain
 An ordinary lord upon the bills.

Though where the people go to when they roam
 Would puzzle Newton. For, I'll lay a crown,
 Visit the poles, there's no-body "*at home*,"
 Or try the tropics, and there "*out of town*."

You smile, but search Great Britain round about,
 From north to south, or where you please begin,
 Depend on't you'll find every body out,
 And ministers the only people in.

In such a case, to play or not to play,
 That was the question—so I asked one day
 A friend, on whose opinion I relied,
 What should I do? He listened and replied—
 "Good Mr Manager dispel all doubt,
 If folks are not at home they must be out;
 And being out, must needs, I think, go somewhere:
 Open the Adelphi, and perchance they'll come there."
 Upon this hint, I sought my Thespian boat,
 Repaired the good old craft, and got afloat.
 Look round the vessel—all that meets your view,
 Aloft, between decks, and the cock-pit too,
 Has been the work of seven weeks; not one
 Shrunk from his labour till the whole was done;
 From first to last all honest in the cause
 To make the good ship worthy your applause.
 This night, re-rigged and manned, we hoist the sail,
 Giving our mimic canvass to the gale;
 Smile on our humble efforts, nor refuse
 Your kind assistance to our summer cruise. [yare."
 Is all prepared? (Voice within)—"Aye, aye, Sir, tight and
 Then, carpenter, let go the painter there.
 Now, friends, three cheers to waft us from the shore.
 Lads in the main-top-gallants—to the galleries)—one cheer

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 14, 1836.

Before the commencement of the performances, Mr Murray delivered the following

APOLOGETICAL ADDRESS, IN THE CHARACTER OF PAUL PRY.

(*Adelphi.*)

I hope I don't intrude? I've just dropp'd in
 To ask one question ere the sports begin.
 What do you think of "the attempt" to-night?
 I think friend Murray dares too high a flight.
 An actor may triumphant wend his way
 Through the dramatic trifles of the day;
 I may, as "*Old Fozzle*," approbation gain,
 Or, as "*The Schoolmaster*," applause obtain;
 As "*Simpson*," "*Dominiue*," and "*Gabios*," too,
 (The veteran of an hundred years or two;)
 Or casting off the silver locks of age,
 As "*Mr Tomkins*," stagger o'er the stage,
 With shouts of "*bravo, bravo*." But, alack!
 Whene'er he buckles "*Falstaff*" on his back,
 The hapless wight may find his tether run,
 Soaring, like Icarus, too near the sun,
 His borrowed plumes give way, and down he goes
 Much lower than the point from which he rose;
 And thus conceit, the laurels gained before
 Loses in vain attempt to make them more.
 I urged all this to Murray. He replied,
 "I know the attempt a bold one, but confide
 In those who, from a boy, have cheer'd me on,
 And made me all I am, so, Paul, begone."
 Hast thou not read how Peter, often beat
 By Charles the Twelfth, learned victory from defeat.
 So, should I fail, from failure will I learn
 How to amend, and conquer in my turn;
 The embryo effort of to-night repair,
 And lick my cub into a perfect bear.
 I wish, by progress, in my art to merit
 The smiles of those from whom I all inherit.

With such kind friends my fate I gladly trust,
 Whate'er their sentence be, it will be just.
 So leave me now,—there goes the Prompter's bell,
 Would it were bed-time, Paul, and all were well.
 Thus having said and done all man could do,
 I left him to a task I fear he'll rue,
 And trust the Manager to mercy and to you.

At the end of the Play :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Ungrateful as the assertion may sound, I freely confess that I never appeared before you more unwillingly than I do on the present occasion. The times have been, when fortune frowned, that I, with many others of my trade, hailed the termination of a season, as a pause from loss, as well as labour, exclaiming, with Young, in his "Night Thoughts"—

"Fate drop the curtain—I can lose no more."

But now so liberal is your patronage, and so uninterrupted the success which has attended the various novelties we have laid before you, that I most reluctantly discontinue my depredations upon your pockets. But stern necessity brings me to a close. My actors and my novelties are alike exhausted. Melo-drama, Prelude, Interlude, Pantomime, Comedietta, Farcetta, Operetta, and Burletta, have been showered forth in such plentiful abundance, that our summer stock has evaporated ;

"And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 Left not one farce behind."

I have, therefore, no alternative but to wind up my accounts, and, with an honest and grateful heart, thank you for the success of a season, which, though the last, is by no means the least among the good ones your kindness has favoured me with.

Very thankful for the past, I own that I entertain considerable anxiety for the future. Comedians are getting very dear, like coals, and so great is the demand in the foreign market for both commodities, that unless Government will lay some heavy, nay, almost prohibitory duty, upon the exportation of these necessities of life, actors and coals, our winters will shortly pass unenlivened by either a good play or a good fire. Should any honourable member of St Stephen's Chapel be present, I most respectfully, but earnestly press this melancholy fact upon his

attention. Trusting that my humble efforts to cater for your amusement may be aided by some legislative enactment of this sort, I will not despair of meeting your wishes for next winter. The Theatre-Royal has been greatly improved during the recess; and will be entirely repainted before the commencement of the season. All your old favourites will be found at their posts; and in the recruiting department no labour shall be spared in procuring for your amusement such talent as may yet linger on this side of the Atlantic, and can be won from the numerous theatres of the metropolis. And now, ladies and gentlemen, one word for my brethren behind the curtain. Of their abilities, it does not become me to speak, but in proof of their zeal and industry, let it be remembered that in a season of ninety-six nights we have produced thirty-six new pieces, being at the rate of more than one for every third evening. They beg, by me, to return thanks for the kindness with which you have rewarded their efforts; for I am sure you will be happy to hear that the benefits have proved no exception to the general success of the season. All have been profitable.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have no wish to cast any damp upon the kind and cheerful feeling which has pervaded this evening; but I cannot pass over in silence the great loss which our profession has sustained by the lamented death of Madame Malibran de Beriot. She was to have appeared before you this summer; all was arranged, but her fatal illness intervened, and by a singular and melancholy coincidence the tidings of her death arrived in Edinburgh on the very day which had been settled for her appearance here. I shall not attempt any vain or imperfect eulogy upon her transcendent powers—they were to be felt, not described; but I fear that it will be long ere the stage will boast her like again, and I am sure you will pardon me this humble tribute to the memory of so great a mistress of her art. For the honour which you have conferred upon me individually by your patronage this evening, and for the kind indulgence with which you have received my humble and imperfect efforts for your amusement, pray accept my grateful acknowledgments, and with the assurance that the vacation shall pass in unremitting efforts to merit a continuance of your favour, until November, I most respectfully bid you farewell.

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

APRIL 27, 1837.

(Theatre-Royal.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

There's the old beginning
 With which for years your patience I've been dinning;
 But as 'tis customary so to start,
 And from old customs I am loath to part,
 With your permission, we'll begin again
 In the old strain—Ladies and Gentlemen.
 Colman has said that custom's potent sway,
 Demands an epilogue to every play,
 And you, I doubt not, for the self same reason,
 Expect a farewell speech to close the season.
 But how to vary these said speeches—how to swell
 Into a plump harangue, that word, farewell?
 How to say, "Thank ye," in a different style
 From that which last obtained the ready smile,
 Has been, with me, the task of many years,
 The trembling offspring of a thousand fears;
 Lest I should fail in saying what was due
 To such kind friends as you, and you, and you.

(Addressing Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.)

Sometimes a Lord Commissioner I've stood
 Spouting, in official terms, my gratitude;
 At others, Captain of some sea-beat boat,
 Thanking the friends who kept my bark afloat.
 In short, I've tried all themes, till, luckless elf,
 At last I dwindle into very self;
 And in mere *propria persona* stand,
 To thank those patrons who, with heart and hand,
 E'en in our darkest hour kindly rose,
 Bringing my toils to a triumphant close.
 At times the season, now so nearly past,
 Would oft, I thought, poor devil, breathe its last.
 Sometimes "*The Mountain Sylph*" would give a throb,
 Sometimes *The Pantomime*, and sometimes "*Rob.*"
 Still the pulse fluttered; sickness, frost, and snow,
 Brought the poor season wonderfully low;

And oft the Treasurer told me, at the best,
'Twas fearful how she suffered in *the chest*.
And yet what novelty could do, was done,
From "Ion" down to Harlequin we run;
But all in vain, for when to cure these ills,
Like greater statesmen, I brought in new bills;
You *read* and *passed* them—in the street—the pity
Was, I never caught you in committee.
You read the *Bills*, but heeded not the *Acts*,
Which, night by night explained—the Bills—the facts
Were these: in times so sadly out of joint,
With the thermometer below freezing point,
I had no whipper-in to brave such weather,
And Gall'ry, Box, and Pit, paired off together,
Leaving the Manager in sad despair,
Wasting his sweetness on the desert air.
At length, when all seem'd lost, a star was seen
Piercing the gloom, you know, friends, who I mean;
I see, and needn't tell you—it was Kean.
He ushered in the morn, chased night away,
You kindly followed, and confirmed the day;
A brilliant, sparkling, period of success,
More than repaying for the past distress.
But here I'm by my versifying caught,
My doggrels cannot thank you as they ought.
I feel an humble rhymster may rehearse
A few light pleasantries in jingling verse,
Winning the smiles which, from surrounding friends,
The wish to please so constantly attends;
But when the kindling stanza should impart
The gratitude—the feeling of the heart,
It needs a touch of true poetic fire
To woo and win such verses from the lyre.
The task is far beyond me—I resign
Such themes to better gifted heads than mine;
But tho' they've better heads, a heart more sound
Or true to you cannot, I'm sure, be found
Than that from which these parting accents swell—
Patrons, a thousand thanks, and fare ye well.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON.

JUNE 24, 1837.

(Adelphi.)

MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM IV.

As now the darkest hour of night
Mingles its shadows with returning light,
So is the sorrow which pervades the land,
Soothed by a dawning hope, so soft, so bland,
That, like the early dew, grief fades away
Before the promise of a glorious day.

To-night we re-assume the busy scene,
With mingled feelings—to our youthful Queen
Our love and loyalty we gladly pay,
And to the sacred dead this humble lay;
For none will murmur when the servants crave
To wear a chaplet round their master's grave.

It was a gallant spirit—though his birth
Ranked him among the princes of the earth,
He chose no idle life of care and pleasure,
Leading through gilded halls the midnight measure;
He to the service of his country sprung,
And, as your nobly-gifted bard has sung,
“*His march was o'er the mountain wave, his home
Was on the deep,*” where mighty oceans foam;
There, by the spirit of a Rodney taught,
Beneath “*The meteor flag of England*” fought,
And from the lessons gained in Nelson's school,
Learned to obey, ere called upon to rule.
The more we read the human heart, we find
Courage and mercy ever are combined;
So 'twas in him whose loss we now deplore.
A brother seaman, on a foreign shore,
Was doom'd a venial fault with life to atone,
His royal messmate made the suit his own,
Pleaded the cause of mercy, and maintained
The generous struggle till the cause was gained.

But it is past—the *fitful dream* is sped—
 The gallant seaman s numbered with the dead.
 One pageant yet remains—one scene—no more
 The midnight chaunt—the grave—and all is o'er ;
 Save that a nation's gratitude will cling
 Around the memory of their *sailor king*.



CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 27, 1837.

(*Adelphi*.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Managers, like other tradesmen, are frequently obliged to visit London, Paris, Brussels, *et cetera*, for the purpose of laying in the newest articles in their respective departments ; and when I last had the pleasure of returning to Edinburgh from an excursion of this nature, I was on board the “*Monarch*”—a merry party had assembled in the cabin—we had passed Tantallon, and old Arthur was rising before us, decked with all the delightful anticipations of home, when that excellent seaman and kind-hearted man, Captain Bain, having just returned thanks for the honour of a bumper dedicated to his health, whispered in my ear, “*Mr Murray this is something like the conclusion of one of your campaigns, when you open the safety valves and make a speech.*” And I think, ladies and gentlemen, that you will allow that there is an amusing resemblance between the conclusion of a voyage by steam and the last night of a theatrical season. After all the noise and bustle of the passage, our many wheels are still—our canvass furled—our ropes at rest. Those children of hot water, the performers, rush forth like the no longer needed steam, or, as Prospero says :—

“*Our revels being ended, these our actors
 Are melted into air, into thin air,*”

while the captain stands bowing at the gangway, bidding farewell, and wishing every health and happiness to those who have so kindly accompanied and cheered him on the passage. On such occasions an experienced eye will soon read in the features of the commander whether the trip has paid or not ; if unsuccessful, you will see him like

“*Pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,*”

and a dry respectful bow is all the departing passenger receives ; but if, on the contrary, success has crowned his efforts, then all

“Is nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,”

and “parting becomes such sweet sorrow,” that, like Juliet in the play, he can say—

“Good night till it be morrow.”

After these hints, ladies and gentlemen, you will have little difficulty in discovering the result of our trip ; for the light and grateful heart with which I stand upon my quarter-deck, bidding you farewell, at once say, Murray has made a successful cruise of it. Ladies and gentlemen, it has been successful. A few electioneering squalls may have disturbed the commencement of our voyage, but the weather soon cleared, and the sunshine of your favour again cheered our course, and we are now about to cast anchor with profit to ourselves, and, we hope, pleasure to you, our kind and liberal supporters.

But “coming events cast their shadows before,” and another season glares upon us through the vista of a fortnight, within which time new pieces have to be procured, new engagements formed ; yet good authors are scarce, and good actors not to be found under every hedge, as was once the opinion of my illustrious predecessor, Stephen Kemble. To explain this, allow me to inform you, that Liston, the inimitable comedian, had offended his manager, Kemble, by some boyish frolic at rehearsal, and the indignant potentate exclaimed, “Mr Liston, don’t build upon your favour with the public ; I can soon supply your place ; actors are to be found under every hedge.” Liston made no reply, and was regarded by his brother comedians as a doomed man. Immediately after rehearsal, the performers left Newcastle for Shields, where they were to perform that night ; the manager killing two birds with one stone, by supplying the dramatic necessities of both towns with one company. The distance was short, and the children of Thespis trudged merrily along, all, save Liston, whose face, for once, was wrapped in the shades of melancholy. He lingered behind, and when the actors reached Shields, Liston was missing. Hour after hour passed, and no Liston. The clock struck six, and time for commencing the performances approached, still no Liston. To begin without him was impossible, “and all was doubt, despair, and mystery.” Now permit me to retro-

grade, and place you exactly half way on the road from Newcastle to Shields. A chaise approaches, bearing the portly manager, to whom, like Falstaff, "eight yards of uneven ground was three-score and ten miles a foot." Judge the manager's surprise, nay, horror, when, seated under a hedge by the way-side, he saw Liston. "Halloo, Mr Liston," exclaimed Kemble; "Do you know the time; what are you doing there, Sir?" "Looking for the actors you mentioned this morning," retorted the comedian. You may guess the result. Kemble apologised; and to the surprise of the actors, Liston, in place of being discharged, rattled up to the door of the Theatre-Royal, Shields, in the manager's own chaise. Hedges, I fear, are equally unprolific now-a-days, but be assured, every exertion shall be made for your amusement. Your old favourites will struggle hard to retain your favour, and the new candidates labour as strenuously to obtain it. Once more, ladies and gentlemen, I respectfully and gratefully thank you for the past, and venture to solicit your favour for the future. Till this time fortnight, I beg respectfully to bid you farewell.



CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

APRIL 28, 1838.*

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I suspect that the successive "farewells" of this evening resemble the spectre monarchs in Macbeth, and, as we tread upon each other's heels, I think I hear you exclaim—

"Thou art, too, like the spirit of Banquo, down—
Thy crown doth sear mine eye-balls, and thy *speech*,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first;
A third is like the former. Filthy hags,
Why do you show *us* this?"

I show myself, ladies and gentlemen, because the termination of the season renders it my duty to address you; and though my unfortunate oration will labour under the heavy odds of two to one against it, I cannot suffer the curtain to fall with-

* Mr Kean's benefit, who made a short address, and this evening being the last appearance on the stage of Mr Montague Stanley—a great favourite—he was loudly called upon, and being led on the stage by Mr Kean, addressed the audience in a few feeling sentences.

out gratefully acknowledging the patronage which has attended us during a winter of almost unexampled severity, and which would have tried us sorely had not your liberal support of Mr Kean's engagement saved us. The lateness of the hour will excuse my hurrying to a conclusion; and, indeed, what can I say, but has been infinitely better said by the honourable members who have previously had possession of the house. The only amendment I shall venture to move is, that you will mingle the three speeches together, and let the merits of my predecessors atone for any deficiency on my part. Ladies and gentlemen, we are all, manager and actors, deeply obliged to you for your continued kindness, and, till the commencement of the summer season, respectfully take our leaves.

—o—

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON.

MAY 21, 1838.

(*Adelphi.*)

Mr MURRAY, looking in from a side door, apologised for interrupting the band in the performance of an overture, and said—

Dear Mr Musgrave, by your leave, one minute,
 And for your overture, pray don't begin it
 'Till I have laid before each belle and beau
 A short petition, which shall humbly show
 The melancholy fear and trepidation
 With which we start our summer speculation.
 Like gleaners, seeking what the stubble yields
 After the harvest home has swept the fields,
 I know too well how warm the temper waxes
 When worried with eternity of taxes;
 When day by day upon our pocket press
 "Road Money"—"Poor's Rates"—"Ale Dues"—"City Cess,"
 "Bridewell"—"Police"—"Improvements,"—till they rise
 Like Banquo's progeny, to sear our eyes;
 Each after other thundering at our door,
 Bearing receipts "*that show us many more.*"
 The galled jade will wince, as you I ween
 Now do, to find no breathing time between
 The fresh exactions we this evening seek

After the Italian levies of last week.
Well they deserved it, and success attend 'em ;
Where'er they roam, may fortune still befriend 'em.
Yet let us hope the jade has kept one smile
Our summer Thespian labours to beguile,
Tho' like M.P.'s, who, anxious to retreat,
Accept "*the Chiltren Hundreds*" for their seat,
Our foreign friends first breathed their soft adieu,
And then vacated with your "*hundreds*" too,
Leaving but little ready cash I fear
For us poor devils who bring up the rear.
You'll ask perhaps—why then begin your season
With such rapidity? Pray hear my reason :
I would have paused, nor started, while Catone,
Lablache, Bellini, and the fair Scheroni,
Were ringing in your ears—brother,
My actors eat as well as other men.
And after three weeks' fasting all refuse,
(The men by Lloyd, the ladies by Miss Cruise),
Further delay ;—thus urg'd, I take the shutters down,
Open *my* mimic shop, and supplicate the town.
Although the English ware in which we trade
Will seem but homely now, I'm much afraid,
Yet, pri'thee, gentles, don't our efforts scorn
Because we're "*native and to the manner born*"
Of that unfashionable vulgar tongue
In which a Shakespeare wrote, a Milton sung—
In which a Dryden's verses caught the ear,
And your own Thomson sung "*the rolling year*"—
In which a Sheridan and a Goldsmith penned
Scenes that the human heart and manners mend ;
For these, and auld langsyne, should be endured
The sounds, tho' rude, in which such strains were poured ;
Strains that have cast, and must, thro' every age,
Still cast a lustre round our native stage.
Then, if Italian notes have left behind
A single Scotch one, bear us still in mind :
To the Adelphi sometime wend your way,
And your petitioners will ever pray.

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 19, 1838.

(Adelphi.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Surrounded as I have the honour to be by friends and patrons of the drama, all present have doubtless read or witnessed the performance of Sheridan's admirable burlesque of "The Critic," and will remember the important question put by the kneeling tragedians to Mr Puff—"How are we to get off?" And a very important question it is for all classes of society; but especially for an actor, whose sole value, like that of a congreve rocket, consisting in going off well—he is always, like the Thane of Cawdor, so studied in his end,

"That nothing in his *part*
Becomes him like the leaving it."

Who has witnessed the illustrious Kemble in his magnificent personation of Coriolanus, and has not observed the infinite skill with which he ascended from triumph to triumph, until he reached the climax of his art, and picturing the conquests in Carioli, exclaimed,

"Alone I did it, boy!"

crowned with the thunders of acclamations; and whose memory does not dwell upon the electric flash with which Kean illuminated the last act of his crook'd backed tyrant, by his splendid burst of

"Richard is himself again."

I'm a very bad Richard, ladies and gentlemen, and I hope you will excuse my tragic efforts, but they lead me to the conclusion, that as all great actors, like skilful coachmen, keep their gallop for the last, so your humble servant, though no great actor, yet, as manager, a great potentate in a small way, is naturally anxious, on occasions like the present, to *get off* creditably, and "like immortal Cæsar, die with decency." The peculiar difficulty regarding my final gallop is, that I have two ends to look after, my Theatre-Royal end, and my Adelphi end. I am a Bashaw with two tails; or, as Stephano defines Caliban in the Tempest, "a most deliberate monster, with two voices"—my poetical voice, and my prosaic voice; with the first of which I pour forth my winter thanks in a flood of most admired doggrel, and with the second come before you, as I now do, to

wind up our summer accounts, in plain, honest, unpretending prose. In order to vary these aforesaid ends, I have frequently flown from

“Grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

But as no man is aware of his wit until he breaks his shins against it, so have my attempts at humour been attended with very serious consequences. An allusion to St Stephen's Chapel, *alias* the House of Commons, was mistaken for a jest upon a building of a more serious description, and lost me a regular attender, a constant boxite; and a complaint that, after the English theatres had worked up the raw material, the American managers transplanted the finished article, drew down upon me the vengeance of one of my actors, who, having that day formed an engagement with the New World, rushed into my dressing-room, full of the jolly god, and demanded to know when he had been a “raw material;” and I only escaped the consequences of my indiscretion by assuring him, that whatever he had been, all would acknowledge that he was then “a finished article.” Thus, between Scylla and Charybdis, 'tis a hard way to hit, and I sincerely wish that my trans-atlantic friend, Major Wheeler, had, among his other “new notions,” invented some *circumdikular* machine, into one end of which we might put a Johnson's Dictionary and Murray's Grammar; and, turning the screws, bring out a tarnation good and pretty considerably correct “Farewell Address” at the other.

My London brethren content themselves, on these occasions, with recapitulating all they have done during the season to merit public favour; but to avoid such debateable ground, I will maintain my pretensions to your good opinion, not on the plays or the actors I have produced, but on those I have kept back. Oh, ladies and gentlemen, could you read all the tragedies, comedies, plays, farces, and melo-dramas, which are shoved upon me. Could you see my “Penny Magazine,” my collection of applications from the Othellos, Macbeths, Hamlets, Richards, Shylocks, Young Norvals, Old Norvals, Juliets, and Desdemonas,

“The least a death to nature,”

you would pity me, and wonder how, Atlas-like, I sustained the pressure. One aspirant for histrionic fame, sends me his shilling shade, taken by Mr Lowe, South Bridge, that I may thereby judge of his abilities,

"And in Othello's *profile* see his mind."

Another, touching me upon a tender point, my pocket, assures me that his friends in Edinburgh are so numerous that his name at the top of the bills, in large letters, would fill the house without his acting at all. Oh, for an army of such men of letters to swell the receipts, and shorten the performances. But, I fear, ladies and gentlemen, that, like Dogberry, I am bestowing too much of my tediousness upon you; and I will not trespass on your patience further, feeling assured that since I ground my claims on your approbation, not upon what I have done, but what I have not done—

"Not my deserts, but what I *don't* deserve," you will acknowledge that those claims defy all competition; and considering, with Hamlet, that "The less I deserve, the more merit is in your bounty," I hope this honourable house will grant me a unanimous vote of amnesty for the past and confidence for the future.

I shall conclude, ladies and gentlemen, with offering my sincere thanks, as manager, for the liberal support you have afforded me during the summer season; and, as actor, for the honour conferred upon me by the splendid assemblage of this evening. In both capacities, my best exertions will ever be devoted to your amusement, and adding to my own acknowledgments those of my brethren behind the scenes, until the 10th of next month, we very respectfully take our leave.



AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

APRIL 4, 1839.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

The thin attendance during the season at the Theatre had been the subject of frequent regret and complaint. Mr Murray came forward and delivered the following serio-comic complaint, as an appeal to the public for more liberal patronage:—

Each year is marked by some peculiar passion,
Some mania, elegantly termed, a fashion,
With which said mania all must coincide,
For vain it is to struggle 'gainst the tide,

Especially for actors, who must swim
 With the prevailing current; court each whim
 That for the moment regulates mankind,
 Else sink at once, "*and leave no wreck behind.*"
 Or, midst the waters, should their mimic boat,
 By its own levity be kept afloat,
 Pray, thee, remember, magnates of the town,
 The crew may starve, although they don't go down.
 You smile to hear me talk of starving, *entre nous*,
 Don't judge by my exterior; if you do,
 You'll be mistaken, and hereafter find
 I'm not "*the Justice with fat capon lined,*"
 Yet own, with Falstaff, though in humour sadder,
 "*Fasting and grief have blown me like a bladder.*"
Sans food, I've ruminated on the means
 To win you back again to grace our scenes;
 And yet, what more to do than has been done,
 I know not; through the drama we have run,
 Now tried Thalia, now Melpomene,
 Ranging from Richard to the Dominie.
 Song, dance, and pantomime have had their day,
 I beg your pardon, evenings, I should say,
 While almost nightly since we made our start
 Some radiant constellation of the art
 Of which the London boards had not bereft us,
 And every star America has left us,
 Have shone in such succession, that you may
 Call the whole season *Murray's Milky Way*.
 But all in vain, the great ones of the city
 Have left our bills to a select committee;
 Who, scatter'd here and there, are nightly seen,
 Like angel's visits, few and far between.
 To them, we're grateful, but the plan won't do,
 We can't exist on the *judicious few*.
 No—we must rally ere the season passes,
 And, like our betters, *agitate the masses*;
 For, as you're perfectly aware, no doubt,
 We glory in "*the pressure from without.*"
 Since *Joint Stock Companies* are all the rage,
 Can't we form one to benefit the stage?
 Come, take some shares, the *instalment's* very small,

Four shillings to the boxes, that is all,
 With power to refuse a *second call*.
 And if in making out the *allocation*,
 You miss the fairer part of the creation
 To join the company, the thing is done,
 Secure the ladies, and the battle's won.
 We'll do our best to please, nor need they fear
 One scene, or word, to taint the eye or ear;
 Or should they, weary of us, wish to see
 A company of greater brutes than we,
 We'll try the lions, and the monkeys, too,
 Goats, leopards, panthers, tigers—all the crew
 Of four-legged London actors, till we grow
 A second Zoological Depot.
 But ill reports fly very fast, I fear,
 And should their *beastily excellencies* hear
 Of empty benches they might let us slip,
 As rats instinctive cut a sinking ship.
 Then aid us, gentle masters, chase the cloud
 Which has so long enwrapt us like a shroud;
 One sunny gleam will oft repair an hour
 Of previous gloom, so has your favour power
 Yet to retrieve the past. Then keep in view
 The "*Joint Stock Company*," I beg of you;
 Rush to the Box-office, where Kemp attends
 With the prospectus. Gather all your friends;
 Fear not for room,—our Theatre, though small,
 Has, like Othello's vengeance, "*stomach for you all*."

—o—

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

APRIL 23, 1839.

(*Theatre-Royal*.)

THE ANNIVERSARY OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY.
 Performances under the Patronage of the Shakespeare Club of
 Scotland.

A humble scion of Thalia's brood,
 And much "*unused to the melting mood*,"
 Fitter to jest in couplets than rehearse
 The lofty stanza of heroic verse,
 You'll wonder I should venture on the lay

Which celebrates our Shakespeare's natal day.
In honest truth, to the last moment run,
'Twas "*Hobson's choice*" the manager or none.
Press'd as we are with nightly toil, I own
All other brains are full, and mine alone
Were empty found; then, pray, let haste excuse
The anxious tremor which may mar the muse;
Should the verse labour, or the measure halt,
Blame not the author for the actor's fault;
But still remember, as I pour the line,
His are the beauties, all the errors mine.
Time the great alchymist treats all below,
'Tis said, as if the world were but a show,
And man and all his works a breath, a thought,
Passing away from all-in-all to nought.
'Tis a vain tale, whate'er its moral be—
For Shakespeare lives and moves unchangeably.
Nations may perish—empires may depart—
But he's incorporate with the human heart.
Survey the mirror—scan its varied scenes—
The flowing characters—their minds and miens—
And then, with awe, confess the poet's skill,
Who moulded varying nature to his will.
Gently she yielded to the potent spell,
Owning she scarce had done her work, herself, so well.
Elate she swelled with conscious pride to view
Rome's great ones as they breathed, their lives renew,
Coriolanus slain by treacherous hate,
Imperial Cæsar with his short-lived state,
Brutus and Cassius, heroes of the past,
Patriots in all, and Romans to the last.
The scenes of England's annals rise again,
And history yields the palm to Shakespeare's strain:
John's faithless life—meek Arthur's death—the deed
That gave to fame the field of Runnymede;
Here the fell Glo'ster deals the fatal blow—
There Henry frowns, and Wolsey is laid low;
And Scotland, too, sees her dark page illumed—
The spectral forms of old are disentomb'd,
And terror shakes the soul, as fell Macbeth,
With the Weird sisters, treads the blasted heath.

Pity and love succeed—the scenes disclose
Passion's excess, with all its train of loves.
The young thought-wearied Prince, whose teeming mind
Reflects the darkest fears that grieve mankind.
The fair Ophelia's love crushed, like a flower
Untimely opened to the April shower.
The Mantua tale, with tears of lovers wet
For heart-sick Romeo and his Juliet;
While the dark moor, with envy by his side,
Yields to the demon's toils his sainted bride.
He turned to lighter scenes with equal mind—
The follies, foibles, frolics of mankind,—
He drew the merry Prince, the scape-grace Jack,
Replete with lies, quips, quiddities, and sack,—
Made Jaquez, Rosalind, and Touchstone start
Forth from the canvass master-works of art;
He showed the way to foil the cruel Jew,
And—harder task, I own—to tame a shrew;
Then spurning the mere portraiture of man,
To Prospero gave Ariel and Caliban.
Admirers of the bard, joined in his cause,
These are the scenes that won your fond applause;
He holds the mirror up, and not in vain,
To you is left, to keep it without stain.
Friends of the stage, to those who filled your part,
In by-gone days we owe the fruit of art,
Which, sunned to life, was ripened by the glow
Of favour such as you even now bestow.
Nor need we fear the tempest's adverse force,
Which strives to beat our vessel from its course,
Convinced that while your friendly smiles remain,
The days that have shone o'er us will again;
For as the bow of hope expands its form,
And kindles into light the dying storm,
Your aid shall cheer us on to pay what's due
To Shakespeare, to our art, and last, not least, to you.

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

MAY 3, 1839.

*(Theatre-Royal.)*A JOINT-STOCK COMPANY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF
THE DRAMA.

"At a brilliant and numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, called by public advertisement, and held in the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, on Friday evening, May 3, 1839, for the purpose of receiving the report of the Provisional Committee appointed by the Joint-Stock Company for the encouragement of the Drama, Good Nature was unanimously called upon to preside, under whose kind and smiling auspices the following report was submitted to the meeting :—

"Your committee, unwilling to follow the example of the sapient Mr Dogberry, by bestowing the tediousness of their own remarks upon you, think proper to begin their report by quoting the following appropriate observations from the writings of that distinguished ornament of Scotland's literature, the late Sir Walter Scott—who says, 'that when the daily calls of labour and social duty are fulfilled, that of moderate and timely amusement claims a place, as a want inherent in our nature. To relieve this want, games have been devised, books have been written, music has been composed, and spectacles and plays written and exhibited;' and if, as the same gifted writer expresses himself, 'these last have a virtuous and moral tendency—if the sentiments expressed are calculated to rouse our love of what is noble, and our contempt of what is mean and base—if they unite hundreds in a sympathetic admiration of virtue, abhorrence of vice, or derision of folly'—your committee are unanimous in thinking that it cannot be deemed unworthy of the taste and liberality of this great city, to bestow such a portion of their attention upon the drama in general, and *the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, in particular*, as may prevent the latter from falling into that state of disregard and consequent destitution, which have reduced similar establishments to seek existence by exhibitions unworthy of the boards, where a Siddons, a Kemble, and a Kean have poured forth the language of a Shakespeare. With these feelings, your committee have great satisfaction in finding that much

has been done by the establishment of '*the Thespian Joint-Stock*,' in rescuing this theatre from its late depression; and they strongly recommend a large increase in the capital of the said '*Joint-Stock*,' payable by nightly instalments to the credit of 'Murray & Co.,' Shakespeare Square. Your committee is further of opinion, that, as the business of a Joint-Stock must be carried on by a manager, the said manager should, as a necessary check, be called upon, at the expiry of every season, to lay the results of his proceedings before as many of the subscribers as he can ingeniously contrive to cram within the walls of his theatre, and, asking their sanction to sit again, receive their opinion as to the merits or demerits of his arrangements.

"That, in consideration of long services, Mr W. H. Murray be appointed Interim-Manager, with full powers to improve himself and his company, to the best of his abilities.

"These proposals having been received with loud and unanimous approbation, Mr Murray advanced and returned thanks for his appointment in the following neat and appropriate address:—Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is more than a reward for all my past labours and anxieties to find that, after a service of fully thirty years, I have the happiness of retaining your good opinion; for, as the younger Colman expresses it, 'when a servant has grown grey under one master, it looks as if there were, at least, honesty on the one side, and regard on the other.' In these, my annual addresses, I have been sometimes blamed by those acquainted with the secrets of our *prison house* for giving a brighter tone to our affairs than the facts warranted, but who, before such an assemblage, can use the language of complaint, when, at the termination of a season, however unfortunate, we behold our friends and patrons rallying round us, anxious to testify their kindness, and, I may add, esteem; it is not in nature, at least not in mine, to come before you with a melancholy face, and in which my friend Mr Musgrave would call my double m—groan over the past. This season, ladies and gentlemen, has not been fortunate, but I feared it before we hoisted sail—the horizon lowered—I anticipated a stormy passage—and strengthened my crew with such a list of able-bodied names as would, I hoped, have enabled me to brave the tempest, but it has mastered me; still, as the future may repair the past, we mean to start the good ship again for a

fortnight's cruise, when, aided by your kindness, and guided by the light of one star more, we hope to make up much of our leeway. Ladies and gentlemen, we mean to re-open the Theatre-Royal on Tuesday, the 14th May, when I shall introduce to you that celebrated actress, Mrs Fitzwilliam, from the London theatres. After her engagement we shall launch our summer craft, and hope, by our activity in the production of the lighter novelties peculiar to the Adelphi, to merit a continuation of your favour. I shall now, ladies and gentlemen, respectfully take my leave, begging your acceptance of my best thanks for the honour you have conferred upon me by your patronage this evening; and my performers join me in hoping that, if you do not impute the failure of this season to our negligence, you will not leave us in a minority when we move this honourable house for a vote of approbation on our theatrical policy; and as no motion is now-a-days suffered to pass without an amendment, allow me to conclude by moving—the next season be an amendment to the past.”

— o —

THE TOURNAMENT ADDRESS.*

OCTOBER 19, 1839.

(*Adelphi.*)

Phrenology has often laid great stress
 On Time's prevailing bump, "*Destructiveness*;"
 Yet, look around, and we must surely deem
 That bump is balanced by "*large Self-Esteem*,"
 For every passing day, nay hour, appears
 Some petted plaything of his early years,
 Of which, despite his usual wear and tear,
 The ancient rogue has ta'en a father's care,
 And shows it, that the world may see, forsooth,
 What a gay gallant Time was in his youth.
 'Twas, tickled by this vanity, he sent
 To Lady Fashion the late tournament,

* Mr Murray, in imitation of the Earl of Eglinton, got up a Tournament at the Adelphi Theatre, which, as the reader will gather from the address, was the means of saving the season from being a great pecuniary loss. It was a most humorous affair, and ran for a lengthened period.

That all her children might with wonder gaze
On *ancient knights* eclipsing *modern days*.
Pleased with the toy, Dame Fashion gave command,
And helms and bucklers rattle through the land.
Cupid falls ten per cent., darts become lances,
And o'er the little god the war-horse prances ;
While she, whose *youthful* charms were once the rage,
Is cut for armour of a *middle age*.
Vainly around their lures the ladies fling,
Men *tilt* no longer at the wedding *ring* ;
But, fenced in double-breasted *coats of mail*,
Laugh at the charms that would their hearts assail.
'Tis universal madness—lands and leases
Evaporate in *spears*, *quines*, and *cuissees*.
At every turning, and in every street,
Some stalwart Quixotte of the day we meet,
With lance in rest, while from the helmet's bar
Flames forth the indispensable cigar,
Mocking the mania, for, its smoke ascending,
Satirically hints what all will end in.
Oh ! for a pen of Mosley's finest steel,
Guided by Froissart's genius, to reveal
The glories of the long anticipated hour,
The ladies, lords, the Queen of Beauty's bower,
The lists, the lances, and the fatal shower.
Millions on millions of umbrellas rise,
In hopes to tire out the opposing skies ;
But all in vain ;—the deities were crusty,
The warriors chilly, and their armour rusty.
So, one by one, each luminary set,
And chivalry was drown'd in *heavy wet*.
Still, 'twas a scene of knightly pomp to see,
Proving of mighty benefit to me ;
For till that started up, 'twas very clear,
Do what we would, we couldn't get you here.
The scant receipts grew nightly, I confess,
" Fine by degrees, and beautifully less,"
Till all was silence and dark desolation ;
When—on the very eve of sequestration,
The coming tournament burst on my ear,
I donn'd my mimic corslet, grasped my spear,

Exclaiming, with Macbeth, "Blow wind, come wrack,
 At least we'll die with harness on our back ;"
 Mounted my steed of wicker-work, and fought
 Until I gained your smile—the prize I sought.
 Picture the farmer, who, when winds are high,
 And angry clouds deform the autumn sky,
 Beholds the torrent swell—his bosom yields
 To sad forebodings for his teeming fields,
 When suddenly, the sun, with genial ray,
 Smiles o'er the landscape, and restores the day.
 All hands to work, and 'midst the merry din,
 The anxious farmer gets his harvest in.
 I am the farmer, and your smiles my sun ;
 My crops are safely housed, my labours done,
 Save the attempt to pour, in measures rude,
 Some feeble tribute of my gratitude.
 But, 'tis in vain—then let your hearts instead,
 Feel what I ought to say, and think it said.
 This, I confess, friends, to my confusion,
 "Is a most lame and impotent conclusion."
 But think upon long years of service—speeches past,
 And pardon, if I've stumbled at the last.



CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 25, 1839.

(*Adelphi.*)

MR MURRAY'S BENEFIT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is the remark of one of our most eminent dramatic writers that

"Successful love intoxicates the brain,"

and I cannot but think it particularly fortunate for me, especially on the present occasion, that a successful season has not the same inebriating influence, or my expressions this evening might savour more of the Mr Tompkin's school of eloquence than you might deem agreeable or decorous, for one so successful I have not known for many years. I was strongly advised to reserve the address I had the honour of delivering on the termination of our "tournament" for this evening, and

not run the risk of wearing your patience by two oratorical explosions, so closely treading on each others heels; but really, ladies and gentlemen, such a season as this has been merits more than one speech to grace its termination. I have followed many a winter and summer campaign to the tomb of all the Capulets, but certainly never assisted at the obsequies of one which had stronger claims upon my gratitude, or left me with more weighty reasons to speak well of him. As Mark Antony says—

“ I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.”

Yet when I look back upon the conduct of my deceased friend during his brief career—when I recollect the difficulties he encountered, and the neglect he experienced at his first starting into life—when I call to mind the patient magnanimity with which he nightly faced

“ The wide vacuity which reign’d around,”

without once relaxing in his exertions for me, or forgetting his duty towards you, I confess, ladies and gentlemen, that my feelings overpower me—(affecting tears)—for—

“ My heart is in the coffin, there, with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.”

Often in some dark moment of our struggle have I apostrophised my companion, exclaiming, “ Season, dear season, you’re a bad one;” and he has mildly replied, “ Yes, Murray, but I will be better. Remember, my dear manager, the observation of that distinguished financier, who consoled himself for a decreasing revenue, by recollecting that the money was still fructifying in the pockets of the public; so are our receipts, and I will yet win golden opinions from all sorts of men.” And he redeemed his pledge—seconded by your kindness, his perseverance overcome all difficulties. The receipts were doubled, bills settled, salaries paid,

“ And all the clouds that lower’d on our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.”

These observations may be deemed somewhat premature, when it is considered that my friend, though very near his end, still lives; but it is the fashion of the day to announce a great man’s death, and write his epitaph long before he has the least intention of taking his leave; and, as in my case, the heir who looks

forward to a thumping legacy, may be excused anticipating "*the coming event*" which already "*casts its shadows before.*"

But it is time to tear myself from the contemplation of the season now so near its close, and say a few words respecting that which is to come, like the widower in the play, who weeps for his deceased wife with one eye, while he ogles her intended successor with the other.

I believe that a report has very generally prevailed, that I was about to retire from the management of the Theatre-Royal; and I will candidly confess, ladies and gentlemen, that, disheartened by many failures there, and the heavy expenses of that establishment, I did solicit permission to resign my lease and patent, but it was found impracticable, at least without such arrangements as would have banished me professionally from Edinburgh, which I declined, and am once more a suppliant for your favour and support for the ensuing winter. I hope, my kind patrons, you will do me the justice to own, that I am not one of those managers who, as Colman said, liked to weep over his distresses, and make the public his pocket-handkerchief. No; mine are not good tragedy features; and I cheerfully and thankfully acknowledge that the success of this summer will fully enable me to repair all the disappointments of the preceding winter, and I will struggle hard, ladies and gentlemen, to merit a continuance of your favour. To my own thanks for your support during the season, and the personal honour done me by your attendance this evening, allow me to add those of the performers whose benefits have shared in the general success. Ladies and gentlemen, the Theatre-Royal, will open on Saturday the 9th of November, until which period, with feelings of the deepest gratitude, I take my leave.

—o—

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON.

FEBRUARY 17, 1840.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

THE FIRST EVENING OF "JACK SHEPPARD."

Oppressed with hydra-headed doubts and fears,
An old offender at your bar appears,
With humble hopes, my Lords, you'll not deny him,
A word or two in private ere you try him.

Yet, when I look around, my spirits fail me,
Seeing the phalanx ready to assail me—
Of critical acumen, what a host ;
Here frowns the " Journal," there the " Evening Post,"
Both " Standard" and " Observer" meet my view,
With " Mercury," " Courant," and " Advertiser" too
See what a moody brow the " Scotsman" wears,
And lo, for war the " Chronicle" prepares,
Ready to pour upon my hapless pate
The mighty thunders of the " fourth estate,"
Thinking, prophetic souls, how sweetly peppered,
I shall to-morrow be for my " Jack Sheppard."
Yet, deem not, friends, I blame the honest rage
Would crush the playwright who corrupts the stage ;
But fairly view my mimic web unwoven,
And then, I trust, you'll find the charge " not proven."
With no career of crime, your taste insulting,
We paint the miseries from crime resulting ;
Like to the serpent charmers, who extract
The venom from the reptile ere he act,
'Tis an old saying, ancient as the flood,
Nothing's so bad, but it contains some good—
No man's so born a fiend, but in his heart
Lurks some kind trait, unwilling to depart ;
No book so deadly, but some good produces,
As prussic acid helps the gastric juices ;
And arsenic, with precaution taken in,
As doctors tell us, benefits the skin.
The dose depends upon the preparation,
And being ministered in moderation.
E'en opium, that would still a world's alarms,
Poured in too largely, sets a world in arms.
Upon these hints, some scenes we bring to view,
From which a Gay once sung, and Hogarth drew,
Those moral lessons where our youth still see
Contrasted idleness and industry—
How honest labour may to honour rise,
While the base sluggard on the scaffold dies.
With like intent, we cull the page to-night,
Fully rewarded, if we warn one wight,
Who, hesitating on the brink of sin,

Plays with the vortex that must suck him in.
 (Prompter's bell heard.) Hark! 'tis the signal on the swell-
 ing tide,
 Our bark is launched, your sentence to abide.
 If you approve, with joy we gain the shore;
 If not, strike sail, and we'll offend no more.



CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

MAY 29, 1840.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

MR MURRAY'S BENEFIT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It may appear somewhat ominous when I commence my address this evening by stating, that every year which passes the more and more convinces me that the manager of a theatre is essentially one of that interesting and numerous class of mankind denominated "Gentlemen in difficulties"—and, moreover, the difficulties of a manager have this peculiarity, that the greatest success does not relieve him from them; for instance, when I had the honour of terminating our last winter campaign, my difficulty consisted in putting a good face on a very bad season, and I now feel it no less a difficulty, how sufficiently to thank you for an extremely good one. Last winter, ladies and gentlemen, was a striking proof of how the best laid schemes of managers, as well as mice, *gang aft aje*; for were a casual observer, unacquainted with the actual results of the two seasons, to compare the bills we had the honour of laying before you last year with those of the present, he would be led to imagine *that* the profitable season, *this* the reverse,—not a morning then arose, but our announcements displayed—

In type gigantic, some illustrious name
 Fresh from the boards of metropolitic fame;
 Till our whole season, like a frosty night,
 Was one long galaxy of *starry* light.

But, alas! ladies and gentlemen, as my nocturnal luminaries set, and the pay-day dawned, I found, upon surveying my treasury chest, that, as usual, they had appropriated the lions share, and left me with—pardon the pun,

Charles Kean was *abroad*, Macready was too much *at home* in London: and though it is a common saying, that when you cannot snow white, you should snow brown, I could not help thinking that with such judges of that article before me, when a man cannot snow the real thing, he had better not snow at all. With this impression, I, like better generals, took up such positions as I knew my troops were fully able to maintain, and with the results of our campaign you are already acquainted. They have, indeed, been most successful; for the which I am truly grateful, and respectfully lay before you my best and sincerest thanks for your very liberal support and kindness.

Before I make my bow, I feel that a few words more are necessary, both in justice to you and to myself. Although I cannot but feel highly gratified at the success of a season so little aided by *exotics*, and during which, unchecked by prouder names, several of our company have rapidly advanced in your favour. I beg that it may not be imagined, from anything which has passed to-night, that I purpose declining the future aid of metropolitan talent—far from it. Be assured that I know my duty to you better; but I candidly own that I have determined to resist such terms as were never demanded or dreamed of by a Siddons or a Kemble in the proudest days of their career, and which cannot be granted by any manager who maintains his theatre and company in that state of efficiency which a city like Edinburgh has a right to expect. Let all imitate the fairness of my young friend Charles Kean, and our doors shall be open to all, and I am sure you will not blame us for expecting a share of the loaves and fishes.

Ladies and gentlemen, we shall commence our summer operations on Saturday evening the 27th June, when I trust that our arrangements will merit a continuance of your support. And now, my kind and liberal patrons, once more thanking you for the success of this season ; for the personal honour you have conferred upon an old servant by the splendid attendance of this evening ; and last, not least, for the kind attention with which you have listened to a long, and, I fear, a somewhat tedious address, I once more respectfully take my leave.



CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 16, 1840.

(Adelphi.)

To-night we terminate, what may with reason
 Indeed be called a thorough *summer* season ;
 For ne'er did fairy bark o'er golden sea
 More lightly win its onward course than we
 Have wended on our way, since first we gave
 Our merry little galley to the wave.
 No darkening cloud, not e'en a rumble,
 Or smallest accident, save Wilson's tumble,
 Has marr'd the trip—from morn to evening bell,
 Throughout our voyage, the word has been—" *All's Well.*"
 Yet, as some ill all earthly pleasure taints,
 And managers, like doctors, love complaints,
 I fear the even tenor of our way
 Has left me hardly anything to say,
 And calm prosperity this lesson teaches
 That tranquil seasons spoil the "*farewell speeches.*"
 To jest at scars, and laugh at dangers past,
 Give such an air of gallantry at last,
 That we, like dark Othello, love to prate
 Of the distressful accidents of fate—
 Of dire mischances which no art could bridle—
 Of losses vast—bad houses—actor's idle ;
 Of morning promenades, where birds and beasts
 Devour your money—and those evening feasts,
 Those lectures, where, for *twopence*, ladies swear to
 "*Cure every sorrow human flesh is heir to ;*"
 And last, not *least*, Vesuvius with its rockets
 Playing *Old Harry* with our pits and pockets ;
 While high in air its fiery pigeons go
 In triumph o'er the pigeons down below.
 On these I reckoned to make out a case,
 Which might have justified a tragic face,
 Thinking that, like fair Desdemona, you
 Would love me more for what I had gone through.
 But all in vain, for spite of wind and weather,
 We and Vesuvius have done well together ;
 Nor do I think I've lost a single guinea,

E'en by eruptions that destroyed old Pliny.
 So list, while I with gratitude confess,
 Our season has been one long scene of great success.
 It has been said, perhaps with truth, that verse
 Can ill the feelings of the heart rehearse ;
 And if such be the case, then Heaven knows,
 I should have couched my farewell speech in prose,
 As nought can give a value to my lay
 But the true-heartedness of what I say ;
 Yet let us not so humbly rate the lyre,
 Or coldly pluck from it its soul of fire,
 Recall your classic volumes, and by turns
 Range from old Homer to your native Burns,
 And every kindling bosom must agree,
 "*The language of the heart is poetry.*"
 At any rate, I'll trust its measure now
 To speak my feelings ere I make my bow.
 First then, permit a parting word to one
 Whose histrionic course this night has run—
 To one, whose varied skill, your smiles and tears
 Have oft acknowledged, far outwent her years ;
 Then picture, had she longer graced our scene,
 Not only *what she was*, but *would have been*.
 But it is passed, and now in private life
 May she as happily perform "The Wife"—
 May her loved lord from every ill defend her,
 And every joy this world can know attend her.
 "*So much for Buckingham.*" Now for an elf
 Who still incumbers you—I mean—myself.
 For one-and-thirty years I've trod your stage,
 Creeping from thoughtless boyhood into —————
 But no—why doff my wig—while anburn locks
 Still bloom, Adonis-like, on older blocks,
 Why should I prate of age—your genial smiles
 Renew my youth, and father Time beguiles
 To grant more seasons yet, with more successes,
 New stars—some lions—and more "*Last Addresses.*"
 But now, ere summoned by the prompter's bell,
 'Tis time, kind friends, that I should say—Farewell ;
 So pray accept, ere I rejoin the ranks,
 Both for the season, and to-night, my grateful thanks.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

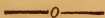
MARCH 6, 1841.

(Theatre-Royal.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I'm sure that you will excuse the liberty I take in thus interrupting the progress of your amusements, when you consider that my success in life so entirely depends upon the possession of your favour and good opinion, that without these I might as well close my doors. It is this conviction which induces me to trespass upon your time, and respectfully to beg your attention, while I clear myself from an imputation which has been very strangely cast upon my conduct respecting the approaching Amateur Theatricals. I shall, from time to time, refer to the paper I hold in my hand, that I may not, in the hurry of the moment, use one word I could not afterwards thoroughly substantiate. It has been very generally reported, that after having let the Adelphi Theatre for a stipulated sum to the Committee of Management for the Amateurs, I suddenly broke the agreement, and, refusing the use of the Adelphi, insisted upon the Committee's taking the Theatre-Royal instead, demanding, in addition to the sum previously agreed upon, a clear half of the profits arising from the performance next Tuesday. This is the charge against me. Now, ladies and gentlemen, for the facts. When the deputation of the Committee took the Adelphi Theatre, they never asked my terms, but at once made me the following offer, in the following words:—"It is proper, Mr Murray, that we should clearly understand each other as to terms, and we offer you the same which we have upon similar occasions given Mr Calcraft of the Dublin Theatre, namely, a clear half of the profits, after the expenses of the evening on both sides are defrayed." I accepted the offer, expressing my regret that the failure of the season hitherto prevented my putting the Adelphi at their command gratuitously. The officers replied, that it was not expected of me, and that as the novelty of the proposed amateur performances might injure the Theatre for some nights before and after, they saw no reason why I should not have the same advantages which had been given to the Dublin manager. The only stipulation I made was, that the amateur

performances might be delayed until the benefits of my performers were over, as I was well aware that so great a novelty must cast all other attractions into the shade. This request was cordially acceded to by the officers, and all was settled. But when I found that the Committee would require the assistance of the ladies of the Theatre, I felt that it would be better, upon all considerations, to give up my performances on that night, and offer the Theatre-Royal for the same terms previously agreed upon for the Adelphi. This offer was most gladly accepted by the Committee; and thus, ladies and gentlemen, so far from increasing my demands, I gave up the chance of additional profit for the two places of amusement being open on the same evening. Such, ladies and gentlemen, is a plain statement of the case, and which, I trust, will totally exonerate me from the charge made against me.

Some of the officers have most kindly and handsomely offered to verify my statement; but I trust your long experience of me will render further assertions unnecessary. Ladies and gentlemen, I very sincerely thank you for the kind attention you have honoured me with, and most respectfully bid you good night.



OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

MARCH 11, 1841.

(Theatre-Royal.)

BENEFIT OF MR MURRAY.

This morning as I paced St Andrew's Square,
 I heard two lads conning my Bill of Fare;
 And when they'd finished—one cried, "Here's a mess!
 Murray's got no Occasional Address!
 The covey's wrong, for now-a-days I know
 Without a speech, a benefit's *no go*.
 Look at Lloyd's House, all cramm'd to suffocation—
 And why? Because he tipped us an oration.
 And Dibdin Pitt, on Thursday last you see,
 Vow'd he owed everything to you and me.
 It's worth a sixpence, Tom, to hear all that!
 But Murray's getting rich and rather fat,
 And takes the thing too easy now-a-days,
 For very frequently he never plays;

When, till this season, I have often heer'd,
There never was a night but he appeared !
You'll say, he's old ; but when he likes it, he
Can come it wery rum in comedy ;
Can tip a stave, or cut a whirligig,
And look uncommon natty in his wig."
Says 'tother, " Don't be hard, he mayn't have time
To keep the actors right, as well as rhyme,
I vonder ven I read 'em how he does it."
" You fool, they're never printed as he says it,"
Replies the first ; " for though they stick and stammer,
The newspapers next day screws up the grammar,
Puts right the stops and spelling, and then, after
Popping in here ' applause,' and there ' loud laughter,'
Winds up with, when the blade withdraws,
' Bravos,'—' Loud Shouts,'—and ' Thunders of Applause.'
If Murray wants a bumper I'd advise him
To write a speech, or I shan't patronise him.
A speech of fun and feeling, an address
Cramm'd full of something ' language can't express,'
Long whapping words, as never can convey
The meaning of one half they're meant to say,
On a full night, the Gallery's a stew,
And if I'm toasted, I'll be buttered to."
'Twas plain he spoke in kindness, not in figure ;
And, like Othello, " on this hint I speak."
The doggrel " is not in the bond," I own,
But let a wish to please, its haste atone.
Yet as I know, and willingly confess,
How much we need the garnish of the press—
Suppose to-morrow come, the breakfast laid,
The morning paper brought in by the maid,
Who leaves her master to his meditations
On the Debates—Finance and Foreign nations ;
Next comes " The Drama"—" Murray's Benefit"—
" A bumper, crammed Boxes, Gallery, and Pit ;
For, in addition to his own vast claims,
The officers had kindly given their names,
And re-appeared in what, on Tuesday night,
Had, as we stated, given such delight ;
For backed by Boys, L'Estrange, Dane, Gerard, Ede,

The Country Squire couldn't but succeed.
The curtain down, the manager appeared,
And was, as usual, vehemently cheered.
He seemed affected—but recovered—then
Made the old start—Ladies and gentlemen,
If in my speech I stumble, halt, or pause,
Impute it to my feelings—(Great Applause)—
For well I know, my friends, a Scottish nation
Is ever candid—(Peals of approbation);
And though I want those talents,—(Shouts of 'No.'
Mingled with laughter, and some cries of 'Oh,')—
I'm not deficient in that gratitude,—
(Here Mr Murray wept and seemed subdued,)—
Which tells my anxious bosom night and day,
My utmost labours never can repay
The debt, I warmly feel, I owe to you,
(And by this time, the house felt warmly too).
What can insolvents do in such condition,
But do as I do now, with all submission,
Offer my friends a *composition*,
Which, weighed against the brilliant prospect round,
Is worth about a farthing in the pound?"
(You should not have laughed there my friends, because
That point is in the paper marked "Applause.")
"Murray was going on, but here a yell
Arose of 'Quite enough,'—'Off, off,'—and 'Sentinel.'
For all impatient for the amateurs,
The house no more his poetry endures.
In vain he tried their feelings to assail,
His accents perished 'midst the rising gale;
In vain he beat his heart, and raised his head,
For no one heard a syllable he said;
Till, in the pauses of the angry squall
He screamed aloud, 'Kind Friends, I thank you all,'
And, then, his noble face suffused with tears,
Bowed and retired—saying 'Don't forget the cheers.'"

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

APRIL 21, 1841.

(Theatre-Royal.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—If it is a duty to speak no ill of the dead, it should be equally imperative not to asperse the dying, and I appear before you to clear the character of the season, now so near its expiry, from an imputation which has been cast upon it. It has been called a *failure*! a charge which must be extremely painful to the feelings of any season of respectability, particularly one which has descended from a very long and ancient line of ancestry, and which, from the first night of its existence to this, its last, has strenuously exerted itself to maintain the fair fame of its progenitors, and gain your approbation. To be thus, then, in its last moments, kicked from the stage, and sent to “the tomb of all the Capulets,” with the foul stigma, *failure*, tacked to its tail, is cruel and unjust. It may not have been a mine of wealth, not an *El Dorado* certainly, but it has not *been a failure*, or if one, all I can say is, that *failures* are very snug, little speculations, and I care not how often I meet with such *reverses*. The commencement of the season was splendid. Van Amburgh and his zoologicals carried all before them, and certainly, for a time, left very little behind them; for as two heads are better than one, so four legs have proved more attractive than two, and his brutes drove ours from the field. But we felt no envy, for they were magnificent actors certainly! Such nature! such truth! such powers of execution! and though they did now and then give themselves unpleasant airs, yet we regretted their departure, and sighed—

“When, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
The mane-clad lions, the spotted leopards,
The roaring tigers, the great cage itself,
Yea, all which it inherited, dissolved,
And, like an unsubstantial pageant, fading,
Left not a tail behind.”

To keep up the splendour of such a start was impossible, and as a bright morning frequently forbodes a gloomy day, and a precocious child as often degenerates into a very dull man, so we, for a time, suffered a reaction. Even Harlequin hid his diminished head, but the immortal Shakespeare came to our aid, and all was well again. If there has been a *failure*, it has

been but a comparative one. We may not have made all we intended to make, but we are perfectly satisfied, and truly grateful for what we have made, sincerely wishing that, in such trying times, all theatres may have been equally fortunate. As I am particularly anxious, ladies and gentlemen, for reasons which I am sure you will appreciate, that the amusements of this evening should terminate at as early an hour as possible, I would not trespass longer on your patience, did I not feel that I should be neglectful to you and to myself did I suffer the retirement of Mr Mackay from this theatre to pass unnoticed and unregretted. After twenty-two years of honourable service, he this evening ceases to be a member of the regular company. It would be impertinent in me to expatiate on Mr Mackay's professional merit. Your approbation and the approbation of Edinburgh is no light meed. Your approbation has placed him foremost in the foremost ranks of his profession, and he had the honour to embody the conceptions of a Scott, while that master-mind remained to acknowledge and applaud the actor's talent. If I might be permitted a little doggrel I would add to the lines which I said of Macklin's Shylock—

“He was the Jew
That Shakespeare drew,
So, in Mackay, we likewise find
The Bailie of Sir Walter's mind.”

The success of the far-famed opera of *Rob Roy* enabled Mrs Henry Siddons to establish the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund—a fund which now alleviates the age and infirmities of several who once figured on these boards, and I hope we will never forget that to my esteemed friend Mackay's admirable personation of the Bailie that success was mainly attributable. May every happiness and good fortune attend him wherever he goes. I shall no farther intrude than to contradict the report that I am going to pass the summer at the North Pole. It is a mistake; I am not going there—I am going to the Adelphi, where, on Saturday, the 22d of May next, we hope to be honoured with the renewal of your favour and support. To the Most Worshipful Master and Officers of the Grand Lodge, and to the other brethren, who have this evening honoured me with their patronage, I beg leave to return my best acknowledgments; and, offering the same to all our patrons, present, or not present, I very respectfully make my bow.

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

(Adelphi.)

On Tuesday evening the season closed with the Manager's benefit, on which occasion he performed, for the first time, and in the most admirable manner, the part of Sir Anthony Absolute, in Sheridan's delightful comedy of the "The Rivals." A variety of other amusements followed; and certainly not the least entertaining effort of the evening was the following clever dramatic scene, in the shape of a "Farewell Address by Murray & Co.":—

JOINT-STOCK FAREWELL ADDRESS FOR OCTOBER 26, 1841.

(Enter Mr Lloyd, peeping in.)

May I come in? Murray's not ready yet,
 And won't be for some minutes; so, pray let
 Your humble servant, Lloyd, beguile the time
 Till our *Great Gun* lets off his Annual Rhyme,
 Ramm'd down with "*Gratitude*," and all those rockets
 With which he burns such holes in all your pockets.
 Faith, he's a deep one—but I don't see why
 We shouldn't be allowed to say "*Good Bye*;"
 And with the Manager all take a part
 In "*The Farewell*"—an actor has a heart,
 And surely honest gratitude may swell it
 As much as ——Zounds, here's Murray——

(Running off, is stopped by Mrs Tellet.)

Mrs TELLETT— No, its Tellett.
 We all behind have heard, and like your plan;
 Nor is there one—lady or gentleman—
 From Glover, he who sweeps the tragic lyre,
 Down to the swain who sweeps the stage, Macquire,
 Who won't forestall the Manager, and each
 Club bows and curtsseys, in a *Joint Stock Speech*.
 Mr LLOYD—But what said Euston?
 Mrs TELLETT— He the joke enjoyed.
 Mr LLOYD—But will he join us in it?

(Enter Mr Euston.)

Mr EUSTON— Won't I, Lloyd?
 The ranks of pleasantry I gladly swell—
 My motto ever, "*Vive le Bagatelle!*"

(Enter Mr Glover and Miss E. Lee.)

Mr GLOVER—And to assist the jest let two appear
Who were, as strangers, kindly welcomed here.

(Enter Miss Nicol and Mr Leigh.)

Miss NICOL—And tho' no stranger, still a claim is mine
For years of service, and for "*Auld Langsyne*."

(Enter Mr and Mrs Boyce, and Mrs Turnbull.)

Mr BOYCE—Can you admit three more?

Mr LLOYD— With pleasure, Boyce,
Success is sure if Turnbull gives her voice.

(Enter Mr Ryder and Mr Power.)

Mr RYDER—If you want voices, what think you of mine?
I play the "*Tyrants*"—

Mr POWER— I, the "*Heavy Line*."

Mr LLOYD—Most Welcome, Power, you'll give us great
weight.

(Enter Mr Williams as Pardon Dodge the Yankee.)

Mr WILLIAMS—And Pardon Dodge may help, I *calculate*,
Although I own that he's *tarnation* bigger.

(Enter Mr Cowell as Jim Crow.)

Mr COWELL—Can you let in "*a Scientific Nigger*."

Mr LLOYD—O yes, let all approach, "*Black Spirits and
Grey*."

(The rest of the Company enter to the Chorus from Macbeth,)
"Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may."

Mr EUSTON—Now for the Joint Stock Speech, say, who
shall try?

(All one after another, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, and I.)

Mr LLOYD—No want of *I's*, and very bright ones too.

—(Glancing at Mrs Tellett.)

Mrs TELLETT—Nonsense!—but one alone can speak.

Mr GLOVER, Then you.

(Loud cries of "You, you, yes you.")

Mr Lloyd leads Mrs Tellett forward.)

Mrs TELLETT—Ladies and Gentlemen, since Sappho flung
Her wild notes to the waters—woman's tongue
Has been invincible—ever has will
And volubility atoned for skill;
Whether in Single Blessedness, her fears
And hopes she murmurs in a lover's ears,
Or, on the sterner Matrimonial State,

She raves like winter round a husband's pate ;
 Still has she borne the palm—oh that to-night
 The like success may crown the trembling wight,
 Who now by these deputed to reveal—

(*She hesitates*)—deputed to reveal—

Mr LLOYD—(*Prompting her*)—the Gratitude—

Mrs TELLETT—The Gratitude—

Mr LLOYD—We feel—

Mrs TELLETT—We feel—

Mr LLOYD—(*Lost in a reverie*)—The Soup !

Mrs TELLETT—(*Turning indignantly*)—The what ! how can you so annoy ?

That's not the Speech that's in the "*Workhouse Boy*."

(*The Manager calls without "Nimmo."*)

Mr LLOYD—Hush ! Tellett, "by the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something uncommon wicked this way comes."

For goodness' sake, kind Patrons, don't betray us,

If Murray finds us out, he'll never pay us.

(*The Manager enters, and all escape except Mr Lloyd.*)

Mr MURRAY—"Et tu, Brute"—To find you thus employed

Stealing my Speech, "*Frailty thy name is Lloyd !*"

Mr LLOYD—(*Crying*)—Oh, don't be angry, Tellett made us do it.

Mr MURRAY—Beware of Petticoats or else you'll rue it.

But, with your brethren, haste to Shakespeare Square,

And, by your conduct through the winter there

Regain my favour, and this trick repair,

Mr LLOYD—(*Aside as he exits*)—We've done the Manager.

Mr MURRAY—Yes, Lloyd—I may

Say with the bold Iago in the Play,

"Who steals my purse steals trash," but they

Who filch from me my "*Farewell Speech*" succeed

In leaving me extremely poor indeed.

And at a moment, too, when I most need

Words to express my thanks for favours cast

O'er many seasons, and, not least, the last.

'Gainst fearful odds I own we took the plain.

Cordonnier's Wax Work—Politics and Rain.

While, to increase the number of our foes,

Play House on Play House in the High Street rose.

Small chance could the Adelphi have, if any
'Gainst "Concerts Threepence," and "a Play a Penny!!!"
But worse than these, the fearful agitation
Of Whig and Tory which then shook the nation.
Thoughtless of theatres, they flew about—
The "General Question" only "In or Out."
Mere plays had no attractions for their souls—
Elections were the true *Magnetic Polls*.
Amidst such scenes, I thought our close would see
Your servant in a sad minority.
But no—by your support, again I meet
My kind constituents, and retain my seat—
Retain it with this great advantage too,
I've paid myself instead of bribing you,
Saying, with Jack, that Knight of sack and honey,
"I'm very glad lads we've got the money."
Then, let me hope you're all content to see
Murray once more returned your own M.P.
Let no adverse appeal a man disgrace
Who would not stand for any other place.
So, keep me with you; with my utmost skill
I'll watch o'er each dramatic *act* and *bill*,
Nor take, till time and you my efforts chide,
The Chiltern Hundreds of my fire-side—
Where sometimes I may cheer the fading hours
With thought of what I was, when I was—yours.
Meantime be well assured, I'll ne'er forget
Full thirty years of kindness—so, pray, let
A show of hands, the sixth of next November,
Greet me in Shakespeare Square, your sitting member;
And not your member only; let me be
First Lord of the Dramatic Treasury,
Where, in your cause, new "*Budgets*" I'll devise,
And nightly move you to vote "*New Supplies*;"
And if success my future efforts cheer,
I'll hold the plan I've followed many a year,
Placing the profits to your *credit* here—(*Touching his heart.*)

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

APRIL 15, 1842.

(Theatre-Royal.)

MR MURRAY'S BENEFIT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—In theatrical matters, as in political, the world may be divided into two great parties, namely, "*the Ins*" and "*the Outs*," and you will at once perceive why the manager of a theatre, like the far-famed vicar of Bray, should be the humble servant of the *Ins*, whatever political party or parties those *Ins* may happen to belong to. The feelings and the gratifications of these aforesaid *Ins* should ever be the paramount consideration of the aforesaid manager; and yet how often, ladies and gentlemen, on the occasion of a bad benefit, or the conclusion of an indifferent season, do we see an actor or a manager coming forward, and with moody brow and lack-lustre eye, visiting upon the good-natured and friendly *Ins* the defalcations of the stony-hearted *Outs*. If by such grumblings we could, like able financiers, touch the pockets of the *absentees* without annoying the feelings of the present *hees and shees*, then would I exclaim with Lear—

"Blow winds and crack your cheeks—rage louder yet,
Spout cataracts, and hurricanes fall,
Till you have drowned the towns and palaces
Of these said Out-and-Outers."

But as this is impossible, the result of such complaints is too frequently to offend our supporters, and literally turn our *insides* out. With these convictions, ladies and gentlemen, I present myself before you this evening; and although I cannot claim the garlands of a successful campaign, I shall not indulge the "*melting mood*," but averaging the result of my labours and your favours for the last ten years, sincerely thank you, and all who have honoured me with their support during that period, for a very snug and comfortable "*balance in favour*." To borrow another mercantile phrase, theatres, especially the large ones, are looking down; for which depression many causes may be given—and one in particular, the late hour of fashionable parties; for the man who sits down to dinner at seven o'clock must, of necessity, cut his mutton and the theatre at the same time; and with a sharp appetite, I would back mutton against

Shakespeare at any odds. Thus the dinner table depopulates our first prices, and as one evil generates another, the drawing-room ruins our second—for who would leave the attractions of a modern soiree, with its bevy of beauties—its gas—its songs, quadrilles, *tableaux vivans*, and all the thousand and one attractions which throw a fairy charm over the private parties of present days—who would leave them, I say, on a snowy night, to see a few shivering actors striving to be funny to the as few deluded individuals, whom the astounding mysteries of a long play-bill have inveigled into our clutches? What is to be done to remedy this evil I know not—for even if Kemble himself were here for a whole season, I'd back *the dinners* against him in the long run. To ask you to give up your dinners would be ridiculous, and yet without some change we must give up ours. If you, gentle ladies, don't dine a little earlier,

“Macbeth must *dine* no more.”

I thankfully acknowledge that during Mr and Mrs Charles Kean's engagement, dinners seemed at a discount; but, then, three week's of prosperity barely recompenses months of depression, particularly as, though man and wife are of one flesh, they contrive, professionally, to have two pockets; and between the Scylla of the one, and the Charybdis of the other, the manager gets anything but the lion's share. If, during a future season, anything could be done to mitigate the dinner epidemic, we shall be truly grateful—if not, we must again put our shoulders to the wheel, and trust to the chapter of accidents for better fortune. As for myself, I repeat, ladies and gentlemen, that the failure of a season or two cannot mar my fortunes or influence my feelings, which have ever been, and ever will be, those of profound respect and regard for you, my very kind friends and patrons—sentiments in which, I am sure, the great bulk of my company join me; and with heartfelt wishes for your health and happiness, we, for the brief vacation of a fortnight, respectfully take our leave.

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 21, 1842.

(Adelphi.)

"To go or not to go—that was the question."—
 Whether 'twas better on our part to suffer
 The toils and hazards of a Winter Season ;
 Or to take leave of managerial cares,
 And, by resigning, end them ? resign ! to go
 No more ; and by that *go*—one *go*—to end
 The heartache, and the weekly, nightly, loss
 The purse was heir to.—'Twas a consummation
 Extremely to be wished.—To cut, and run,—
 But run, perchance, to worse ;—aye, there's the rub ;
 For in that run what accidents might chance,
 When we had shuffled off the Patent here,
 Did make us pause. There's the respect,
 Makes management of so long life :
 For who would bear the fag both day and night,
 The long rehearsal and the empty bench,
 The *wipes* in the newspapers, the critic's scorn,
 The *Friend Anonymus*, and bitter taunt
 Which manager must oft from actors take,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 By merely *running* ? Who with painted smiles
 And forced grimace could such a life endure,
 But that the dread of something worse behind,
 And the conviction, that to friends thus used
 No manager returns,—puzzles his pate,
 And makes him rather stick to what he's got
 Than fly to theatres he knows not of ?

Thus would the Danish Prince have thought, had he
 An actor been, or manager like me ;
 Like me have paused, ere quit a spot endeared
 By friends, whose many kindnesses have cheered
 Seasons as big with loss as this. What then ?
 Seasons have changed before, and may again ;
 Future attempts the past may reimburse,
 And, praise the stars, no future can be worse.

Trade has been very dull throughout the town,
Shakespeare and shopkeepers both *looking down* ;
The Foreign Market too's been most appalling,
And Rain, the only article not falling.

In such dry weather, 'twas in vain you know,
Work as we would, to hope an overflow ;
So far from overflowing, much I fear,
Had Miss O'Neil, or Siddon's self been here,
You hadn't water for a single tear.
Rivers ran dry, and millions frantic, when
They saw no " tide in the affairs of men,"
An angry thirst each citizen inflames,
Yet not a drop to liquidate his claims.
" The Water Company," in doleful dumps,
Found itself drained, like me and other Pumps ;
Both were so empty, nought could go beyond
My Pits, except their Compensation Pond.
Still let us hope the best—some change of weather
May fill the Ponds and Playhouses together—
At all events, the war once more we'll wage,
" And fret and strut our winter on the stage,"
Nailing our tattered colours to the mast,
Fight for a better season than the last.
But if to Balls and Concerts forced to yield,
And Mid-night dinners drive us from the field,
At least, " We'll die with harness on our backs,"
And losing all, defy the Income-Tax.
Should acting fail, my varlets may resign
The down trod stage, and try some other line.
Glover can paint—the call-boy turn postillion,
Cowell and Lloyd try " Singing for the Million."
But for your humble servant, I'm afraid,
'Tis much too late to learn another trade ;
Then, kindly, let me serve my time out here,
Treat me as Tait would, that famed auctioneer,
And, though a damaged article I own,
Still keep me " going " till indeed I'm " gone."

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

FEBRUARY 17, 1843.

*(Theatre-Royal.)*UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE DEAN AND FACULTY
OF ADVOCATES.

Dear Mr Dewar, for one moment, pray,
 Lay down your fiddle, I've a word to say ;
 And while I yet the privilege may claim
 Accorded to a lady's sex and name,
 While, lawyer-like, against the critics' frown,
 I claim protection from my *wig* and *gown*,
 Pardon these few remarks,—too shy by far,
 Perhaps too cautious to address the *bar*,
 To gentler hearts I make this night's appeal—
 Will not the ladies for a sister feel ?
 Alas ! 'tis long since I have seen so bright
 And fair a train as sparkle here to-night.
 " Lone, unattended, melancholy, slow,"
 Through these deserted halls I nightly go.
 In vain to get up an " at home " I've striven :
 " Miss Murray begs your company at seven—
 A few old friends, some music—nothing more."
 In vain—all vote my company a bore ;
 Yet, ladies, is it not extremely hard
 Such invitations meet with your regard ?
 My music surely nothing can surpass ;
 My floors are cleaned ; I burn the best of gas ;
 My doors stand open ; yet 'tis very clear
 That all the world goes everywhere—but here.
 When on my friends I make my morning call,
 I'm sure to hear of last night's crowded ball,
 Of exhibitions which no mortal sees,
 And concerts where you're smother'd in a squeeze.
 Remorseless sons of Orpheus and of Strauss,
 Teach me the way to win a crowded house—
 I'll turn *Mainzerian* if the ladies please,
 And stun your ears with do's, and sol's, and si's ;
 We'll sing for *millions* with undaunted throats,
 If that will win you to produce your *notes*.

But cease complaint—you're here at least to-night,
 And my heart kindles at the unwonted sight,
 Nor you alone—for following in your train,
 The sons of Themis crowd to Thespis' fane.
 Oh! ladies, would you always use your powers
 To woo these lawyers from their mystic bowers,
 Bringing them here, but once a week, to sit
 And laugh a little at our Shakespeare's wit,
 You'd give yourselves, and me, a benefit.
 I've said my say, and pray you to receive
 My warmest thanks, ere yet I take my leave;
 A brighter audience I never saw—
 The bar of beauty, and the bar of law.
 This night, at least, I do not take my stand
 With empty benches ranged on either hand;
 But with full heart, and eye of conscious pride,
 See beauty, wisdom, worth, on every side,
 And make, while yet my faltering words allow,
 To bench and bar with gratitude my bow,—
Curtsey, I mean. Excuse my agitation,
 And spare a lady in this situation.

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

MAY 29, 1843.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have been lately occupied in collecting the various addresses I have had the honour of delivering before you during the last—dare I confess—thirty years. Don't fear, my kind friends and patrons, that this declaration is put forth as, what is professionally termed “a *feeler*,” preparatory to the astounding advertisement—“*In the press, and shortly to be published.*” No, no, ladies and gentlemen, your constant kindness has not yet so entirely spoiled me, but that I am fully aware that these little bits of managerial elocution are but the “insects of a day;” or, perhaps, I should say, the *glow worms of a night*, sparkling through the gloom which must ever, more or less, accompany the word “farewell,” and are indebted for the approbation bestowed upon them, much more to your good nature than any merits of their own.

My motives, ladies and gentlemen, for the collection and re-reading of these valedictory *gems*, was to avoid, if possible, "the sin of repetition," and to put my thanks and adieus, on the present occasion, in a somewhat new light; but, alas! when I behold the tremendous M.S. of congenial *foolscap*, on the pages of which my past labours were reposing—when I read one after another the multitudinous addresses I had perpetrated, finding, as Pope sings—

"That all my prose and verse were much the same,
This prose on stilts, that poetry fallen lame,"

I stood aghast, and, like *fear* in Collins' "Ode on the Passions," recoiled

"E'en from the *speech* myself had made."

In vain I essayed a new one. I was like the unfortunate clergyman, whose plagiarisms were so mercilessly detected by one of his auditors constantly exclaiming—"that's Tillotson"—"that's Butler"—"that's Blair"—so, as I cogitated and concatenated sentence after sentence, memory, like Launcelot's fiend, stood at my elbow, whispering, "that's in your farewell 1839, see 'Courant'—ditto, 'Mercury, 1840'—'Scotsman, 1841'—'Evening Post, 1842,'" until now, by repeated failure, I was tempted by the fiend to show my speechifying a fair pair of heels, and run for it; but "*conscience*," hanging about the neck of my heart, said, "*do not run, manager, scorn running with thy heels*; you have made many a bad speech before now, try another, and *hope* the best." The word "*hope*," that little word "*hope*," struck upon my ear, there seemed something like originality in combining *hope* with anything so utterly *hopeless* as a theatre now-a-days, and upon the hint "my muse laboured," and as Iago says, "thus, she is delivered."

As Campbell teaches in his earliest lay,
'Tis hope that gladdens life's unmeasured way,
Lending, like distance, rapture to the view,
And robing mountains in its azure hue.
"*Fine words, brave words*," as Falstaff says, but then
There comes a period in our journey, when
Of theatres about to be bereft,
A manager finds very little distance left;
And if the azure hills are gained at last,
They prove but rocky foregrounds like the past.

Hope makes her curtsey, while we trembling see
 Her colours fade into reality ;
 And like the western sky's declining light,
 Our day-dreams gloom and sadden into night.
 With disappointed hearts we seek the bed,
 Stretch the worn limb and rest the aching head ;
 But when the morn the orient hour brings,
 We don our clothes, replume our ruffled wings,
 Rising elate, forget the bye-gone sorrow,
 Lured on by hope, and that false friend, "*to-morrow.*"
 Yet, hope—though stern experience may flout thee—
 What would this "*working-day-world*" be without thee ?
 Man's heart to thee is still a tablet votive ;
 If life's a railroad, hope's the locomotive.
 And if through murky glens we sometimes wind,
 By frowning rocks, "*cribbed, cabined, and confined ;*"
 Yet, as with lightning speed, she onward flies,
 Some high embankment lifts us to the skies ;
 And the Cimmerian tunnel's gloom gives way
 To the succeeding splendours of the day.
 E'en such a tunnel, darksome, long, and drear,
 Has been, indeed, our past dramatic year ;
 E'en such a burst from gloom to dazzling light
 Is the resplendent prospect of to-night,
 Which banishes past failure altogether,
 As radiant sunsets promise better weather.
 Our case was hopeless ; *Miller* shook his head,
 And *Malcolm* looked on theatres as dead.
 But if a few such *nightly draughts* you'll give
 As this, they'll prove a great *restorative*.
 A few such *boxes* filled with *golden pills*,
 Mixed by the press with *oxymel* of quills,
 Will work a cure, and we'll the war renew,
 Trusting to Mrs Dr *Hope*, the *quills*, and you.
 One word before we part—say, can you quite
 Forgive the *tragic* effort of to-night ?
 It was a trespass, and I can but say
 With the mis-shapen tyrant in the play,
 "E'en all mankind to some lov'd ills incline ;*"

* Mr Murray had this evening attempted the character of *Shylock* in the "*Merchant of Venice*."

Great men choose greater sins"—old *Shylock* mine.
 "I'll throw myself upon the court;" pray, then,
 As Portia counselled, "grant me mercy," when
 I promise never to offend again.

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

AUGUST 25, 1843.

(*Adelphi.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It once again becomes my pleasurable duty to offer my very best thanks to you, and all who have honoured us with their support during the season, which the amusements of this evening will terminate. It is doubtless very gratifying to boast of successful efforts, and I thank those who have crowded round us in our hours of sunshine; but I suspect that a deeper and even more grateful feeling prevades the heart, when it attempts to acknowledge the kindness of those who rally round and support us when fortune frowns, and we have been, as Jaquez says,

"Left and abandoned by our velvet friends."

At least I can safely say, such are the sentiments which prompt me now; for, though I will not deny that our losses have been somewhat heavy, I deeply feel that they would have been infinitely more so but for your kindness, for which again and again I respectfully offer you my thanks.

I will now, ladies and gentlemen, request your patience for a few moments, while I allude to the recent correspondence between your humble servant and the proprietors of the Theatre-Royal, Liverpool. As Campbell says,

"'Tis the sunset of life gives us mystical lore

And coming events cast their shadows before;"

and as I am a little in the sun-set line, my "*prophetic soul*" has often warned me that I may have been too constantly before you, and that it was quite possible that you—pardon my vanity—had had too much of a very good thing. With these feelings, I thought that a temporary absence—mark my words, I beg, ladies and gentlemen—might be advantageous to both parties, and therefore addressed the proprietors of the Liverpool Theatre, then lately closed, asking if they would let it to me for two months. This they declined, but offered a longer lease, on such liberal terms, that I confess I was staggered. Now, ladies and

gentlemen, let me beg, that when naming the sum I have hitherto paid for the Theatre-Royal here, I may not be supposed to use the language of complaint; far from it—the bargain was openly and fairly entered into, and had the times remained as favourable for theatrical speculations as they had previously been, I should have had no cause for regretting the transaction; but when you consider the altered circumstances of the country, and that, with the exception of one season, I had annually paid L.1290 for the Theatre-Royal, you will not wonder that I should hesitate to throw away a very advantageous offer from such a place as Liverpool. I therefore laid that offer before Mrs Henry Siddons, who having, unknown to me, previously considered my burdens, immediately proposed so liberal a reduction in the rent as would prevent my being finally compelled to leave a city where I had passed my days from the age of nineteen to fifty-three—this very day—in the proud enjoyment of your favour. Led on by Mammon, I now contemplated the practicability of uniting the two establishments, Liverpool, in its best time, having a summer theatre. But

“These airy phantoms of my avarice”

seem swept away by the stern reality of a new act of Parliament, entitled, “*The Theatres’ Regulation Bill*,” which, threatening to overturn the privileges of all patent theatres out of London, with the exception of Dublin, has compelled a pause in all our arrangements, until the provisions of the bill are more fully known. We have petitioned the House of Lords, begging that for the remaining seven years of our patent we may not be deprived of rights for which we have paid so heavily, and which were guaranteed us by a special act of Parliament. I still hope that our petition has been attended to; but till our fate is known, I can proceed no further. A few days must decide all. In the meantime, allow me to repeat my acknowledgments for all the favours you have conferred upon me during the many years I have had the pride and pleasure to be in your service, and permit me very respectfully to bid you, for the present, and I am proud and happy to say, only for the present—farewell.

— o —

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

APRIL 15, 1844.

(Theatre-Royal.)

On Friday night the performances, which were "As You Like It" and "High Life Below Stairs," were patronised by the Dean and Faculty of Advocates; and the dress circle presented a galaxy of beauty and fashion. The other parts of the house were also crowded. We observed in the boxes the Lord Justice-General, Lords Cockburn, Fullerton, Cuninghame, Ivory, Wood, and Robertson, Professor Wilson, the Solicitor-General, Mr Rutherford, and Mr Maitland (late Lord-Advocate and Solicitor-General), and a number of other eminent members of the Faculty. At the close of the comedy, Miss Faucit was loudly called before the curtain. As the lady made her exit at the one side, the Manager peeped in at the other to speak an "Occasional Address." His appearance called forth another volley of applause, when advancing cautiously to the front of the stage, he proceeded (at first *sotte voce*) as follows:—

May I now ask the favour to be heard?
 I'll not detain you long, only one word.
 For I am puzzled. Ere I sought my bed
 Last night, a friend dropped kindly in, and said—
 "Murray, my boy—I think 'twill be but right
 That you should speechify to-morrow night."
 —"To-morrow—speechify—what can I say?"
 "O, something devilish neat about the play,
 Then touch the passing topics of the day,—
 Shakespeare, Miss Faucit, Military Ball,
 And splendid Supper in the Music Hall—
 Gas, Steam, Hydropathy, Indian Expedition—
 Scott Monument, Steele's Statue, and the Exhibition—
 Wilson's *Queen Mary*, and then something clever,
 On Braham, and the plants that bloom for ever—
 Don't stare, I have a legal friend, whose pen
 Now pours you forth an epilogue, and then
 With equal skill an ode or charge of horning,
 He'll knock up something for you ere the morning."
 And so he has prosy beyond belief

And long as what you lawyers call a *brief*—(unrolling an enormous sheet of paper)—

I might have pled, and such was first my notion,
The want of proper notice of this motion;
And, backed by Beveridge and Darling's Practice,
Claimed two days warning, as I know the Act is.
But then again, had I refused to come,
That awkward *Nobile Officium*

Of yours, perchance, had dragged me into court
With two plethoric macers for support—

And these are gentleman whose grisly charms
I'd rather not see quartered on my arms.

But, really, for the speech 'tis very clear
The author must be—stay—he may be here—

Numberless *writers* round about I see,
Yet none who seem to deal in poetry.

It's a peculiar phiz and well I know it,
The long, lank, sallow visage of the poet.

Can that be—[Looking hard at a corner of the upper boxes]—

No, his face too round has grown,
As fat and unpoetic as my own—

It wants the hue of thought—the flashing *levin*,
Kindling the eye that darts from earth to heaven.

That's he—[Pointing to the centre of the first gallery]—that
intellectual looking man.

Well, since he's here, I'll not minutely scan
The *merits* of his speech—'Tis full of flaws,

And dry a morsel to *digest* as Shaw's.

Good prosing for an Ordinary's bar—

Crammed with hard words and a most learned war

Of texts and authors, where you are referred,

Stair—Title first—Book second—Chapter third!—

And this—when at his hand was such a theme

As we have now to fire a poet's dream!

The Helen which our Modern Athens carries,

As ancient Helen did the heart of Paris,

A few well written lines in such a cause

Would have secured me thunders of applause.

Could the poor prosy dullard nothing find

To say of Juliet, Portia, Rosalind—

Of Nina Sforza, Julia, Imogene—

Had he no feeling of the mimic scene
 Where the bard's fire the youthful actress caught,
 And Faucit realised what Shakespeare taught.
 Oh, I've no patience with the man (rolling up the paper), and
 cannot vent
 On you, my friends, *a writ of such extent*.
 Next time I'm brought before the bar, or see
 With greater pleasure the bar brought to me,
 I'll get some learned Theban to indite
 Some sparkling stanzas worthy of the night.
 And now, my learned friends, before we part,
 Accept the thanks I offer from the heart—
 Offer to all, who've kindly brought together
 Such beauty and such talent in such weather.



CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

MAY 31, 1844.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

Shakespeare, who wrote not for a single age,
 “*But for all time,*” said “*All the world's a stage;*”
 And, if correct, you own the definition.
 Does not so wide, so vast a competition
 At once explain why theatres of late
 Have somewhat fallen from their former state?
 You'll say I'm wrong—it being clearly seen
 That what the *world* is now, the *world* has been
 For many a day. Then, why should actors fall
 Just now—and in the *world* no change at all?
 Why should the drama now be less the rage,
 Yet the *world* certainly no more a *stage*;
 Its *men and women* no more *players* than
 They were of yore, when first that *world* began?
 Now, that's the point on which we differ, and
 On that point I humbly take my stand
 To prove, the truth of what I sadly fear,
 That *you* are getting better actors every year.
 Pray, don't mistake; not getting better actors *here*,
 But in yourselves, from parlour up to attic,
 You're privately becoming more *dramatic*.

A dinner party's now a choice display,
 Of all the visitors can do or say ;
 And you're invited for no other thing,
 But the dear tales you tell, and songs you sing.
 Then only think, friends, what a pretty state is
 A theatre in, against such dinners, gratis.
 Why, Lloyd and Cowell, both ar'n't worth a button,
 Opposed to amateurs, backed up by mutton.
 Nay, even charity adopts our trade,
 Painting and dressing for a masquerade.
 Once theatres were matrimonial marts
 For the display and sale of female hearts.
 Now, at the soiree, Mamma sets the snare,
 With which she captivates the youthful heir ;
 While Miss at the piano softly tries
 To nail the trembling youth with "*love has eyes.*"
 Thus, change of fashion has of late bereft us
 Of many aids ; and some old friends have left us.
 Alas ! there's Wilson, Mr Phillips, Braham,
 Against these once beloved walls array 'em,
 Fly to the Music Hall, and there by turns,
 Have "*nights with Charlie Stuart,*"—" *Mary,*"—" *Burns,*"
 Till, as you off from one to other hurry,
 You've not a moment for "*a night with Murray,*"
 And then, tho' last, yet certainly not least,
 Bedecked with "*gems from Scott,*" to crown the feast,
 Melodious Templeton, with native feeling,
 Comes "*o'er*" your pockets, "*senses*" I mean, "*gently*
stealing,"
 And giving me a lesson, to my cost, how
 I can with pathos warble "*all is lost now.*"
 Aye, you may smile, friends, but 'tis very plain
 To stop our ruin but two ways remain ;
 Either a heavy duty on their throats,
 Or let "*the Commons*" make us, by its votes,
The only Bank of Issue for their Notes.
 Still, tho' we've not been full for some weeks past,
 Yet we've done better this year than the last.
 Some stars, indeed, my offers have rejected,
 Nor has the moon behaved as I expected ;
 At least, you'll own, it was a wayward fit

Made her discountenance my benefit ;
 Yet, backed by Faucit, Kean, and other aid,
 I frankly own, friends, that the season's paid.
 Nay, I'd confess, the *Millions* ! ! ! ! we have made,
 Did it not tend to bring upon our backs
 The dread collectors of the income tax.
 Egad, should a commissioner be here,
 I've said already far too much I fear.
 So I'll conclude. Ah ! that's the worst of all,
 Folding one's mantle, gracefully to fall,
 Or neatly winding up a "*farewell speech*,"
 Is a perfection very few can reach.
 I'll not attempt it, lest my efforts fail,
 But end, like Shakespeare's rat, "*without a tail*,"
 Hoping most fervently your hearts may guess
 At feelings words now fail me to express
 As I could wish, or you deserve ; so pray,
 Imagine all your servant ought to say
 For many years of kindness—and believe
 That, while I thus, so lamely, take my leave,
 My deepest, warmest gratitude attends
 On you, my earliest and most constant friends.

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 21, 1844.

(*Adelphi.*)

In times like these when Theatres are crumbling,
 And managers, as usual, with such varlets grumbling,
 It needs, you'll own, some little tact and skill
 To grumble well, and neatly gild the pill ;
 Not to come growling like a Polar bear,
 Rending, with loud complaints, "the troubled air,"
 But gently *lowing* like some injured heifer,
 Or sighing like a discontented Zephyr.
 If you've had losses, let your farewell rhymes
 Not blame "the generous public," but the times ;
 Don't sulk, like Timon in the Athenian Play,
 Or, pouting, scold the stones that strew your way ;
 But prattle o'er the pebbles, like some mountain stream,

Bounding and sparkling in the morning's beam,
Which, gaily dancing o'er the gloom below,
Laughs round the very rocks that check its flow.
Such is my wish ; nor shall a murmur spoil
This kindly sunset of our summer's toil.
The season has been long, the work incessant—
Unprofitable, but extremely pleasant.
Your smiles throughout have cheered our mimic pranks,
For which we offer you our heartfelt thanks.
Some critics have indeed our cruise assailed,
Saying, for want of stars our nights have failed ;
Adding, that Liverpool and Dublin, too,
Have had their extra galaxies, while you
Have long become such strangers to their faces,
“ *Bravuras*,” “ *Pirouettes*,” and other graces,
That by such negligence your stage is made
“ *Terra Incognita*,” to all the trade.
Ladies and gentlemen, when Kemble—Kean—
Siddons—O'Neill, and Stephens graced the scene—
When Duncan—Tree—and Mrs Jordan flung
Their smiles around—when Bannister and Young—
John Johnstone—Emery—Liston—yearly came,
With Braham—Incedon—and every name
Recorded in the histrionic page
For casting lustre round the British stage,
Were we “ *incognita*,” I pray you, then ?
And if, comparatively, now, say where's the men ?
Alas ! if we're indeed “ a land unknown,”
Go, bid some spirit raise the moss-clad stone,
And ask the mouldering ashes he may find,
Why they have passed, “ and left no track behind ?”
Perchance they'll speak not ; then I plainly will,
'Tis want of patronage far more than skill
That weighs us down. Our nobles spare their hoards,
Unless some fair Signora treads the boards.
And I confess I scarcely deem it right
To pay one hundred, aye, and twenty pounds per night,
That foreign art may through its villas roam,
While native talent, toils and starves at home.
Doubling the prices for a week might do,
Or even, possibly, a week or two ;

But the exotic flower, pray point the rafter,
 That we could cling to for the season after.
 Your pockets drained—your ears Italianised—
 Your eyes bewildered—and your legs surprised.
 (Suiting the action to the word.)

And then *my* pockets—some consideration—
 Not a doit better by the speculation.
 Granting the houses crammed, they would'nt pay;
 For the bright meteors of the present day,
 Who've reached of popularity the goal,
 Don't share the profits now, but take the whole,
 And leave no glimmering, as they onward bound,
 Like "cotton dips," or "sixes to the pound."
 But I must make my bow—the prompter nods,
 And I see weariness amongst "the Gods."
 So take my thanks once more, and, pray, remember
 "The Royal" opens early in November.

—o—

A BRIEF OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

APRIL 7, 1845.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

[Mr MURRAY's first appearance since the death of his sister,
 Mrs SIDDONS.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Excuse my intruding upon your time for a few moments, while I endeavour to express the great delight I feel, and the grateful sense I shall ever entertain of the kind proof of your regard and remembrance this evening has afforded me. It is unnecessary as it would be painful for me to allude to the loss which has made me so long a stranger to these boards; but I may confess that my absence has been somewhat lengthened by the growing fear, that an almost nightly service of five-and-thirty years might have somewhat wearied you. I confess your reception of me to-night has dispelled that fear; and I shall take every opportunity of again devoting my humble abilities to the service of my kind friends and patrons. Ladies and gentlemen, at this hour I shall not trespass on your patience further than to repeat my grateful acknowledgments for the compliment you have paid me, and respectfully wish you, for this evening, good night.

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

APRIL 23, 1845.

(Theatre-Royal.)

The house closed for the season on Wednesday evening with the Manager's benefit. Miss Faucit appeared as *Pauline*, and Mr Murray as *Colonel Damas*. The house was crowded. Mr Murray delivered the following address:—

"Custom demands—and who denies her sway?—
 An epilogue for every five-act-play."
 So Colman wrote; and, for the self same reason,
 Custom would ask a farewell for the season.
 But ancient customs, now, I'm much afraid,
 Are so knocked up by fashion and free trade,
 That, on my word, I tremble to appear,
 And pay my annual duty, least I hear
 Some beau exclaim, "Oh heavens! what a bore,
 Here's Murray with his 'farewell speech' once more.
 What can he say but what he's said before?
 I've heard the fellow prose so oft, I know,
 Aye to a comma, how the thing will go;
 He'll enter—make an awkward bow—and then
 Start with his old—ladies and gentlemen,
 With handkerchief in hand—just here, (On his heart)
 Ready to wipe the pre-determined tear,
 And say, in faltering tones—his bosom's cleft
 To part with friends—who've got a shilling left.
 But as he cannot boast a tragic phiz,
 He'll cut the 'pathos,' and essay to quizz
 The present rage for joint-stock speculation,
 Which e'en Lord Brougham can't sweep from out the nation;
 How quickly men and money you may bury
 By some new rail-road to—the cemetery;
 How tunnels through the world may work with ease
 An Inland trade with the Antipodes;
 Or, laughing rail-road travelling to scorn,
 Propose some company as yet unborn,
 But still in embryo, which very soon
 By atmospheric pressure and balloon,

Will pick you up in London—mount the air—
Keep you some four-and-twenty hours there;
And as the mundane system rolls along,
Just nick the time, and drop you at Hong-kong.
The plan's consistent, quite, with common sense—
Capital, Ten Millions—Shares, Eighteenpence;
Or, if you like to pay your money down,
They'll let you off, perhaps, for Half-a-Crown.
Thus running through this world of wit and blunders,
He'll then allude to many other wonders—
Electric Telegraphs, which tell the news
Before it has had time to happen, and refuse
Facts of acknowledged authenticity
As quite unworthy electricity.
Should these points fail, he'll touch his benefit,
Praising Miss Faucit—that's a certain hit;
Then he'll wind up in a more serious mood,
With gratifying—grateful—gratitude—
A generous public—thanks, words can't express;
And there's the whole of his——farewell address.”
I must plead guilty—own it's quite my way,
And very much like what I meant to say.
For such dull work, your pardon I beseech,
I've found my error, though I've lost my speech.
Yet, ere I go, two duties must be paid;
First—thanks to you—and then to her, whose aid
Has cast a halo round our closing scene,
Bright, as the brightest of the past has been;
What younger heads around may hope to see,
Or older ones retain in memory,
I know not, but I doubt the future when
“I ere shall look upon her like again.”
Long may she grace the Thespian boards and page,
One of the brightest gems upon the British stage.
If “kindred objects, kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer clouds flash forth electric fire,”
Should I be deeply censured if I dared
Allude to one who once your favour shared?
Allude to her, who, in years past and gone,
Amongst the greatest of your favourites shone.
Oh, well I know, I lack the power and skill

To tune my reed to such a theme—but, still,
 She was the partner of my earliest years—
 Warm'd my young hopes, and stilled my boyish fears—
 Led me on step by step, and placed me—where
 I have so long remained beneath your care.
 To her and you a heavy debt I owe,
 A still-increasing debt, for well I know
 Much of the many favours on me laid
 Are to the memory of the sister paid :
 Then, censure not, if I have rashly dared
 Allude to her who long your favours shared,
 But grant the pardon I most humbly crave
 For this poor tribute to that sister's grave.



CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 22, 1845.

(*Adelphi.*)

The season closed on Wednesday with Mr Murray's benefit. The principal piece performed was Jerrold's excellent comedy "Time Works Wonders," which, as it has done during all its numerous representations on the Edinburgh stage, went off with great success. It may be doubted indeed, if the characters of Miss Tucker and Goldthumb have found better representatives than Miss Nicol and the manager on any stage in Britain. Mr Murray's performance on Wednesday was admirable down to the minutest detail, and was enthusiastically applauded by the audience. The following is the "Farewell Address," which the manager delivered in his usual pointed and effective style :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have now been for several years engaged in the "Farewell Business," and like other careful manufacturers, have, from season to season, endeavoured so to vary the pattern of my winter and summer stock of "Thanks," that they should not weary my customers by the sameness of their style or fabric. I have, therefore, always tried to express my winter obligations in a good strong well-padded speech, lined throughout with the warmest expressions gratitude could select; while my summer acknowledgments have been conveyed in a light Mousseline-de-laine kind of material, but always in "Fast Colours," "Warranted to Wash,"

and not to fade in any climate, or under any circumstances. For some time, I own, I have, aided by your kindness, been tolerably successful, and have availed myself of any fashionable folly, any prevailing mania of the day,

"To point my *Farewell*, and adorn my tale."

But now, alas! that resource is denied me, for, owing to the march of mind, and progress of machinery, the wildest fictions of former ages have dwindled into the mere facts of this, and what would have been deemed a folly—an absurdity—a mania then, is, under present circumstances, the sober serious business of life, the air we breathe, the very "Scrip" of our existence—the "Premium" which sweetens our respective shares in "the Joint Stock Railway" of frail mortality.

Do not think, ladies and gentlemen, that I am about to laugh at railways. No, I rather say with Romeo (assuming a serio-comic air)—

"He jests at *Rails* who never had a *Share*."

And where all men, high and low, are members of the one vast Provisional Committee of "the Grand Universal Central External and Internal Directly-indirect Money-making-no-matter-by-what-means Grand National Junctive and Dis-junctive Railway Association," it would be vain to expect that any would enjoy a jest which is every day becoming less of a joke, and which would induce every shareholder—and where is the man, woman, or child, who is not?—to say in the words of the old song—"That was levelled at me." The intuitive mind of Shakespeare foresaw this empire of hot water; he saw "England in Irons," as the immortal Punch expresses it, when he purposed burying the madness of Hamlet in a land "Where every man was as mad as he." But why talk I of madness. Steam and electricity have, as Coriolanus says—

"Murdered impossibility,
Making what cannot be, slight work."

And, ladies and gentlemen, so convinced am I that nothing now is impossible, that I am certain, were a Prospectus published for "An Atmospheric Railway to the Moon, with Branches to the Seven Stars," or "A Perpendicular Tunnel to New Zealand," they would come out at a *Premium*! and were you to address *Mr Allan, Messrs Pillans & Home*,

Robertson, M'Callum, Dowell, Cleland, Mundell & Baird, or any of the great sharebrokers of the day, you would find that "Moons were rising"—or, to speak more classically, that "Lunatics were in great demand."

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, deprived of my usual resources, I may say with Shylock—

"You take my life,
When you do take the means wherby I live;
You take my *Speech* when you *destroy the jokes*
Wherewith I spoke."

I have vainly ransacked my worn-out brains for something to amuse you, and stand before you like some unfortunate Speculator in the Rival Atmospherics—"An exhausted Air Pump." I say so literally, for I am in one of the lines myself, but whether the Internal or the External, "The Subterranean," or "Superterranean," I don't know. When Taglioni left us, our "First, Second, and Third Class Carriages" became somewhat empty; and my friend Lloyd—whose extensive Railway Transactions will, I am happy to say, soon rank him with the *Hudsons* of the north—advised my eiking out the receipts by doing a little in that way myself. I paused, for, like Banquo's ghost, "I had no speculation in my eye." But you know Lloyd's winning manners; he prevailed, and, rushing into the market, I jobbed away amongst the rest of my fellow "Locomotives." Scrip was my omnium, "my dream by night, my every thought by day," until, like Macbeth, I exclaimed,

"Is that a *Railway* that I see before me,
The *Premium* towards my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Hast thou then no *Provisional Committee*—
Art but a *Railway of the mind*; a false creation
Proceeding from the *Scrip*-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in *Shares* as palpable
As the *Glenmutchkins*—and now with
Equalising calls for present payment,
Which was not so before. *That's quite another thing.*"

But despite these fearful "calls" and "deposits" I persevered; dabbled in everything, from "The Grand Mineral Water Internal Direct" to "The Arthur Seat and Bell-Rock Atmospheric under-cover Anti-rain" project, with "Side footpaths to Inchkeith and the Isle of May"—and am happy to say that my efforts, aided by your support, "Time Works Won-

ders," the Viennoise Children, and Mademoiselle Taglioni, have realised a profit of four per cent. upon the "Combined Lines"—at which I am ready to lease the speculation to the Directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, should they feel inclined to enlarge their sphere of action. As the various Companies now terminating themselves in the Nor' Loch have not yet purchased the Theatre-Royal, I am enabled to announce the opening of that Establishment on Saturday the 8th of November next, when Miss Cushman, whose performances have excited so much attention and applause in London, will have the honour of making her first appearance before you. And now, ladies and gentlemen, repeating my customary, but not less on that account sincere, tribute of thanks for the past, allow me, in the language of the day, to wish that your shares of domestic and every other happiness may daily rise higher and higher, until they attain a premium fully equal to your deserts and utmost hopes; and with that wish, I will, until I have the honour of paying my duty to you again, most respectfully take my leave.

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

MAY 21, 1846.

(Theatre-Royal.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The termination of another season demands the customary tribute of our thanks, and respectful acknowledgments for the support we have received during its continuance. Should the tone of the few words I shall intrude upon you this evening appear less buoyant, less joyous, perchance, than usual, do not on that account, pray, do not, think them less grateful, or mistake them for the language of complaint; for, although our theatrical efforts have proved unprofitable, I willingly impute that result more to the somewhat rash extent of my engagement than any want of support on your part. Having been censured for not bringing sufficient novelty before you, I determined to wash out that stain this season, regardless of the terms demanded of me, and I trust, ladies and gentlemen, you will allow that novelty, at least, has not been wanting. I will not weary your patience by recapitulating the names, or dwelling on the talents of those who have appeared before you during the

past campaign. Many have ranked amongst the first of their profession, interspersed with others of a lighter texture, but still the best we could procure; for the "starring system," as it is technically called, is an experiment which, once entered into, must be pursued to the end of the season, let the tide flow as it list, for good fortune or for bad. It is but justice to you, ladies and gentlemen, to state, that the receipts of this season have exceeded those of any we have known for the last five years; but the metropolitan magnates of our trade have, as usual, come in for the lion's share.

"The curtain down, they on the profits fall,

Stretch forth their mighty paws, and pocket all."

We have all read of "the lion hunting with other beasts;" and if the united strength of many animals could not contend with a single monarch of the wood, what could a poor individual brute like myself hope, hunting with a whole congress of them.

That the great change which has taken place in the hours and habits of society has proved very detrimental to theatricals cannot be questioned; and it is singular, and interesting to know, that, upwards of seventeen years ago, Sir Walter Scott foresaw and warned me of the change, advising me not to take the patent for its whole term of twenty-one years, but to limit myself to the first ten, and then, if successful, take the chance of a renewal. But I was averse to any chance that might separate me from Edinburgh, and, begging your pardon for a very homely simile, adventured upon "the whole animal." Five years yet remain to me, and, if I am permitted to see their termination, I still hope, with your aid, to end my professional labours here; for, though I will not conceal that I have had very kind and liberal offers from London, it would be a bitter struggle for me to be compelled to bid you, ladies and gentlemen, finally farewell, and quit a city I have so long looked on as my home.

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

MAY 31, 1847.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

When last we brought our winter to a close
A sober sadness murmur'd through our prose;
And when the curtain on our summer fell,

The Play Bills in my absence said, "farewell."
 Dark were our prospects then, subdued our tone,
 "*And melancholy mark'd us for her own.*"
 Hence some supposed I *sulk'd* or lack'd the fire
 Which in more youthful days essayed the lyre.
Sulks I deny, although I will not swear
 I'm not, like other men, the worse for wear ;
 'Tis one-and-forty years since I began
 The acting trade, and that tries any man ;
 While thirty-seven of those forty-one
 Have in your service, gentle masters, run ;
 But brass corrodes, and iron rusts with age ;
 Can then the mimic children of the stage
 Hope to elude the tyrant ? we may writhe
 And struggle but cannot scape the scythe :
 Although 'tis wonderful what renovation
 Is oft the product of your approbation !
 You frown—the aged actor droops—but when
 Your smiles return "*Richard's himself again,*"
 Applauding hands his former fires renew,
 And, like the veteran that Goldsmith drew,
 He once more, ere his lessening sands be run,
 "*Shoulders his crutch, and shows how fields were won.*"
 So I to-night, emboldened by success,
 And brighter prospects sport a new "*address.*"
 "*Errors excepted,*" our accounts give reason
 To calculate a profit on the season,
 And no mistake, no error of summation,
 No phrenological creation,
 "*No coinage of the heat oppressed brain,*"
 At which the manager may snatch in vain ;
 But a *de facto* balance, plain and clear,
 And this, I'm sure, you will be glad to hear.
 Yes, friends, I'm certain, from your kind applause,
 You fully share the happiness you cause,
 And tho' my management many blunders show,
 Yet with Jack Falstaff you'll exclaim I know,
 "*We're very glad you've got the money tho'.*"
 One time I own, we thought the die was cast,
 And that this season was indeed our last ;
 For, from their schedule we had little doubt

That "*the North British*" meant to turn us out.
 In Fancy's ear we heard their engines roar
 Where *Human Locomotives* had before—
 In Fancy's eye we saw the parting day
 Which tore us from our Theatre away,—
 When Lloyd and Howard, every pleasure past,
 Pack'd up their wigs and fondly look'd their last—
 When Glover left these scenes and sought relief
 In all the silent tragedy of grief;
 And Murray, poor Murray, counting all his store,
 Stood bath'd in tears to think he'd make no more.
 But let us hope our anxious fears are vain,
 And that in Shakespeare Square may long remain
 Glover and Lloyd, and all our "*first class train*,"
 Both male and female, tragic, light, and heavy,
 With General Murray to lead on the bevy,
 To toll of many seasons yet the knell,
 Offer his grateful thanks, and say farewell.

—o—

A SHORT ADDRESS ON THE FAREWELL APPEARANCE OF MR MACKAY.

APRIL 25, 1848.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

Mr Murray (in obedience to the unanimous call of the house) came forward and said, that he did not anticipate the honour they had conferred upon him, and he appeared before them a little shaken by what he had seen and heard. He parted from his friend Mr Mackay with great and sincere regret, both as a man and as an actor. His admirable performance of Bailie Nicol Jarvie was one of the great means of redeeming the Theatre-Royal from great distress. At one time it was in a bankrupt state, from which it was saved by the production of Rob Roy, and they were quite aware how much of its success was owing to the splendid exertions of Mr Mackay. The success of that opera enabled his sister, Mrs Siddons, again to establish the Edinburgh Theatre in its former efficiency. In conclusion, he would say of Mr Mackay, that, in the moment of his highest prosperity, he had never forgot himself—he had never given himself unnecessary airs—and never annoyed him with professional pride or vanity. He was always foremost in

the discharge of his duty, which he had done honourably and faithfully from the one end of his life to the other. He had felt it deeply, and acknowledged it openly; and while he parted with him with great regret, he felt proud of the compliment they had so honourably paid him.

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

MAY 18, 1848.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—In times like these, when “cracked crowns and bloody noses” appear to form the circulating medium of Europe, and the first question we ask in the morning is not “How do you do?” but, “Who has Abdicated?” you may easily imagine that

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.”

And when I daily see potentates, of infinitely longer standing and greater respectability than myself, accepting the “Chiltern Hundreds” and vacating their seats, I own I tremble for my dramatic diadem, and lately have seldom entered my theatre without the fear of seeing the stage blockaded with barricades, and Lloyd heading the insurgents, to the air of “Mourir pour la patrie,” and demanding the abdication of king Murray the last. So catching are these “Liberalities,” that I verily believe that nothing but the fear of Mr Moxey and the “Special Constables” have hitherto restrained my grumblers. Such times are, in general, so unfavourable in our trade, as well as others, that I have seriously thought of disposing of myself in another way, and, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, request that you will do me the honour to favour me with your attention while I put up, for your kind consideration, a small lot of managerial lumber, which, under present circumstances, is extremely anxious to be knocked down to the best bidder, if not previously disposed of by private bargain. Oh! for the hammer, and the striking eloquence of a Robins, a Tait, or a Nisbet, to do justice to the article now presented to your competition, for, though a little the worse for wear, there’s something to be got out of the fellow yet. What shall I say for him?—a shilling—ladies—a shilling—the coat’s worth the money, for there’s no reserve,—the manager is going, like the Ghost of

Hamlet's father, "in his habit as he lived." We grant the face might have been better, the figure more fascinating, and we own that the head, phrenologically considered, is certainly deficient. Hope, with "her eyes so fair, and golden hair," has long been warned off the premises. Still the cranium is not utterly useless; there are many little interesting lumps and bumps, which give a picturesque variety to the surface, and might, in the hands of a skilful auctioneer, be squeezed into "Ideality," "Language," and so forth—at least, I'm told there's "Caution," "Adhesiveness," and I know there's considerable "Thickmess," and "Great love of approbation." Come, gentlemen, give me a bid. Consider the manager's situation: he hangs suspended like Mahomed's coffin, between the public and the North British, and if one won't walk into him, or the other kick him out, what is the poor devil to do, in days when thousands are too good to enter a theatre, and those who do, seem to prefer amusements in any language except their own.

A stern propriety pervades the land,
 And theatres are voted contraband.
 Play-wrights, the pride and glory of our age,
 Sleep in the closet, driven from the stage,
 While in the London temples of out art,
 Where once a Kean and Siddons roused the heart,
 Pouring forth Shakespeare's own resistless tides
 Italians warble, and Franconi rides.

What! no bidders yet? then I must e'en buy myself in, once more buckle on my managerial armour, and, thanking you for the winter, prepare to battle with the summer once again. You know that managers invariably make the worst of everything, but, in a select party like the present, I will candidly acknowledge that, all matters considered, we have fared as well as most of our neighbours, and better than many of them, for the success which beamed on parts of our season more than compensated for the reverses which darkened others. The success of the pantomime, the unabated attraction of Miss Faucit, and the triumphant return of Mr and Mrs Kean to the Edinburgh stage, secured a balance in favour, for which we most earnestly and cordially thank you. One circumstance alone has been a subject of regret—I allude to the retirement of my friend Mr Mackay. He was an actor who, in a certain class of character, was, and will remain, unequalled for many years

while, in private life, his exemplary conduct added lustre to his professional career. He has been a great loss to me, and I shall ever sincerely regret it. And now, ladies and gentlemen, it only remains for me to end this somewhat lengthy address, with repeating, not only my thanks as manager for the season, but to request your acceptance of them in a more humble capacity, for the distinguished honour you have done me by the splendid assemblage this evening. I had discontinued these annual calls upon your favour, fearful that my long servitude had, in some degree, wearied you, but your presence here to-night proudly convinces me that your old servant still retains your favour. If anything could increase my respect and gratitude towards you, it would be the unfailing kindness you have evinced towards me from the morning to the evening of my career; and when that evening deepens into night it must be dark as death can make it ere I forget your constant patronage. Ladies and gentlemen, until the commencement of our summer season, I most respectfully bid you farewell.

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 23, 1848.

(*Adelphi.*)

You must have noticed that when troops are moved,
 Their conduct, if deserving, is approved
 By the authorities, and, ere they go,
 General Sir William "So-and-so"
 Communicates to Colonel "What's-his-name"
 His approbation, and requests the same
 May be made known to officers and men
 Of the distinguished corps; and then
 His majesty, the Provost, calls a meeting
 Of the Town Council, and there repeating,
 As usual, all that's been said before,
 They bow, as 'twere the regiment to the door
 With all the honours, musicians playing,
 Drums beating, colours flying, men hurraing,
 And swearing love and constancy, you'll find 'em,
 To the old tune, "The girls they've left behind them."
 Thus ends *their* season, and may not we,
 Bending to you, our great authority,

Our Captain, Colonel, General, Provost, all,—
May not your “sappers and your miners” call
For some kind voucher of propriety,
Attention, discipline, and strict sobriety,
Ere to our winter quarters hastening back
We leave our pleasant summer bivouac?
We are no “birds of passage,” such as sing
But for a summer’s night, and then take wing.
Not only are we found in winter’s frost,
“Shiver-de-freezing” on our mimic post;
But ’neath the fervid dog-star’s ray appear,
Doing the garrison-duty of the year.
Look at full private Lloyd! why, not a night
Passes, but he meets your sight;
And, ever various,—now, as Mr Snoddy,
The organ of the democratic body,
Now pleading, as the monster Caliban,
“The rights of labour and the wrongs of man;”
Or so excelling in his “Pas de Deux,”
That Webster trembles in his very shoes;
And I have heard the fair St Louins own,
“Othello’s occupation is ——— good bye.”
Where all deserve alike, ’tis hard to choose
What name to cull for record, which refuse;
But to the stranger some attention’s due,
You guess I mean Miss Parker. It is true:
Night after night has she in favour grown
’Till you have naturalised her. She’s your own,
And you’ll admit such girls would find a home
E’en with “a Queen of France or Pope of Rome.”
I feel I’ve trespassed, but you’ll not deny,
One word to my old valued friend, Mackay,—
Alas! I find my versifying weak,
Most weak indeed, when it essays to speak
All that I feel towards him: bygone years
Rush on my memory, and the past appears
Fresh as the present, for he bore a part
In scenes for ever graven on my heart.
My earnest thanks are his—and more to you
A thousand and a thousand times are due.
There is a period when the heart may feel,

And deeply, what the tongue cannot reveal ;
 'Tis like the winter tree—the bud is there,
 But needs that kindling spring, and genial air,
 Age cannot know again.—Believe me when I say,
 I feel I owe you “ more than all can pay.”
 Tho’ nine-and-thirty winters now have flown
 Since first I visited the “ good old town,”
 I sometimes feel as much a boy as when
 I bore the tug of war with younger men :
 A sort of second childhood, I suppose,
 The candle’s flare before its final close ;
 And when that close shall come, and I must go,
 Numbered “ with things gone by,” full well I know
 Some kindly thoughts will on your memories dwell
 Of him who says, most gratefully, “ farewell.”

— o —

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

APRIL 23, 1849.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Your pardon, pray,
 Should maiden fears mar what I have to say,
 For, you’ll confess, I’m in a situation
 So novel, it excuses agitation
 In a young, timid thing, but just brought out
 Fresh from Mamma. You ladies have, no doubt,
 Hopped o’er the “ *Ribbicon*” of your first rout,
 Endured the scrutiny of those male creatures
 On your deportment, dancing, form, and features.
 Poor girls ! condemned to bear this ere we bring
 The wretches to the scratch, I mean the *ring*.
 Lord Gough may boast his cannon, and all that—
 And they did famously at Goojerat,
 Where “ The United Service ” gave a ball,
 Pa says, the Sikhs did not approve at all.
 Still, on a bashful *gal* no fire surpasses
 A battery of beaux and opera glasses.
 To see these horrid monsters in a row,
 With levelled glasses, and stern moustache below ;
 And hear them whisper, “ She’s in horrid taste,”
 “ Tom, twig her legs,” and, “ Demme, what a waist !”

The thought of it occasioned such a flurry,
That nothing but the prayers of Mr Murray
Could have prevailed upon me to appear,
And try to wind up matters for the year.
He should have come himself; I told him so;
But still he shook his head, and murmured—"No."
The season has not prospered, yet, to-night
Your kindness was so great, all looked so bright,
So gratifying, that he would not taint
The scene with e'en the shadow of complaint.
"Then, go," he cried, "and, tho' no speech by rote,
Trust to the moment, and your petticoat."
I yielded, for I like the man. Don't you?
At least, I've often heard it said you do,
Although you know his fault—incessant grumbling—
A little Mount Vesuvius, always rumbling;
But managers for ever ring the chimes
On the old theme, "There never were such times;"
And though with garlands you their temples wreath,
Ill fortune is the atmosphere they breathe.
As Colman said of Byron, "There appears,
Through all his poems, private life in tears,
Seeking from general sympathy relief,
Making the public his pocket handkerchief."
So Murray loves to angle for success
By levying on your pockets "a distress."
He can't expect good houses now, because
"The Rate in Aid," "Free Trade," and "Navigation Laws,"
Distract all men, and unanimity
Is found in this alone—no two agree.
Railways, those Californias, now, they say,
Like other "fast" young gentlemen, don't pay,
And the Gazettes this contradiction show,
Trade's at a *stand*, though all the traders go.
The only hope of pocketing the guineas
Is not by *spinning*, but by *singing Jennies*.
Europe, with love of change and fury foaming,
Has gone astray, and e'en the Pope's been *roaming*;
England is *upside down*, and there's no doubt
That Peel will soon turn Ireland *inside out*.
But I'm on dangerous topics, so I'll end

By once more offering to you, from my friend,
 Thanks and acknowledgments for your support
 Through very troublous, adverse times. In short,
 All a more practised tongue and better head
 Should say to such firm friends imagine said ;
 You can't imagine more than truth would tell,
 So, once more, friends, in Murray's name, farewell !

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 21, 1849.

(*Adelphi.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—This evening terminates the fortieth year I have had the honour and happiness of being in your service, and I very gladly seize the opportunity it affords of repeating my thanks for many many acts of past kindness, as also for the support with which you have honoured our exertions during the present season, a period so singularly trying to the resources of the country at large, and, consequently, so adverse to all places of mere amusement. Money is as necessary an evil to theatres, ladies and gentlemen, as to greater states, but from railway depressions, free trade experiments, &c., it has become so scarce a commodity of late, that I know few of my brother managers who have escaped the fiery ordeal of this year unsinged. Some have been more fortunate than others, and I proudly acknowledge myself amongst that number, for, owing to your kind favour, we have escaped with infinitely less loss than, at one time, was thought possible.

Theatricals are greatly changed, ladies and gentlemen, since I entered upon my present speculation, and, under the protection of a patent, and other privileges now swept away, made myself responsible for rents and burthens amounting to nearly £1700 per annum.

By many the stage is deemed unfashionable; by more, profane. French and Italian seem like to become the mother tongue of our amusements,—while the language of Shakespeare is “falling into the yellow leaf,”—and we ourselves, are “so much altered from our former state,” that I fear, in some future Police Act, players will be ranked “with other animals and things that may be deemed nuisances and annoyances to

the inhabitants in general, and, therefore, be it enacted, if that cattle, carts, pigs, players, boats, or any other animals or things, be found at large in any street within the limits of this act, any officer of police may seize such cattle, carts, pigs, players, boats, or any other animals or things, and remove them to a place of custody." Thus, ladies and gentlemen, though the acts which deemed us "vagrants and sturdy beggars" have been repealed, we live in bodily fear that the stern propriety of the age, so adverse to "cakes and ale," may procure fresh enactments, classing us among other nuisances, with the unhappy and ill-used pigs,—and that those active and meritorious officers, Moxey and Murray, may, banishing pigs and players, "*sui generis*," out of that earthly paradise, the "bounds of the police," drive us to wander forth—

"The world before us
Where to choose our place of rest."

We know where we are, but we know not where we may be. I have been an actor four-and-forty years, and have seen the drama in its proudest and most unfortunate days. I have seen these walls nightly crowded with the wealth, talent, rank, and beauty, of this noble city. Have trod these boards when graced with the ability of a Siddons, a Kemble, a Kean, an O'Neill, Young, Stephens, Braham, Mathews, Johnstone, Wilson; and names time will not permit me to enumerate. I have seen those boxes honoured with the presence of a Walter Scott, Playfair, Dugald Stewart, Mackenzie, Jeffrey, Wilson,—men whose genius has cast a splendour even around the honoured name of Scotland itself; and such patronage, not being confined to Edinburgh, but spreading throughout the country, gave birth to the talent which gratefully repaid the smiles which fostered it. But dark clouds have followed these triumphs, and, in the words of your own beautiful ballad—

"I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests storming before the mid-day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way."

You will readily feel, ladies and gentlemen, that if our heartfelt thanks are due to our patrons in seasons of great and general success, how much more they are due, and gratefully paid, to you and all who have cheered us in the darker periods of our history,—friends who, in the dimness of the present,

have not forgotten the splendours of the past, but whose smiling patronage has sought to dispel the gloom, and light the children of the stage to further improvement and future triumphs. The darkest cloud has a silver lining, and is ever said to precede the dawn. Then let us look forward to

“The good time coming.”

The drama may fade, may wither for a time, but it will never finally fall; it is, as Sir Walter Scott has said, “innate in the human heart,”—and though every theatre in the three kingdoms should become ashes, yet, to borrow the splendid lines of your own immortal Campbell—

“Hope, undismayed, would o’er the ruins smile,
And light her torch at Shakespeare’s funeral pile.”

Ladies and gentlemen, I humbly beg your pardon for this lengthened expression of my feelings, and, thanking you earnestly for your patience, I again gratefully acknowledge your favours, and respectfully say—Farewell.

I purpose leaving town for London to-morrow, where I will do all in my poor ability to prove, by my future arrangements, that I am not forgetful of the past.

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

MAY 24, 1850.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

If not of honest Paul already weary,
I’ve just dropped in to pop another query,
In confidence, respectfully inquiring
If you believe that Murray means retiring,
In honest truth, or that he only tries,
Like other shopkeepers, to raise supplies,
By feigning this “enormous sacrifice.”
I see no reason for his resignation,
You’ve shown no symptom of disapprobation,
Or voted him unworthy of his station;
And though he’s old, and has been many years
Nightly before you, yet he ne’er appears
Unwelcomed by your smiles and kindly cheers.
Can he, Othello-like, then bid farewell
To all his spangled troop, and prompter’s bell;
The spirit-stirring overture, whose din,

Led by Mackenzie's potent violin,
Yields to the drums and trumpet, which begin
Some tragic tale of horror—some dark scene—
Where Powrie storms, and emulating Kean
Seizes Miss Frankland, at whose dread cries
Brave Wyndham enters, and bold Powrie dies,
'Midst all the pomp and circumstances of wars,
Where preconcerted combats jest at scars?
The farce succeeds, where Cooper, Emma Nicol,
Webb, and Miss Parker, all put in the sickle,
Reaping the genial harvest of applause,
Which from your willing hands their talent draws.
Can Murray think o'er this, and yet lay down
His tinsel sceptre and Dutch-metal crown?
Like Prospero, destroy the magic staff
Wherein so often he has raised the laugh
In "William of the Forest," "Lubin Logs,"
"The Tiger," "Mr Tomkins," "Newman Noggs,"
"Simpson," "Rattan," "Bambino," can he too
To old "Grandfather Whitehead" bid adieu?
Will he no more your kindling plaudits seek
In "Falstaff," "Tony Lumpkin," "Dominique,"
"Lissardo," "Sir Mark Chase," where one and all,
With shouts confessed, "'Twas merry in the Hall!"
Shouts only equalled by the cheers which ran
To greet his "Brave Old Country Gentleman?"
In private life, what can a fellow do,
Whose whole career has been so wrapped in you,
That your approval, and your votive wreaths,
Have formed the very atmosphere he breathes?
I stated all this to him, he but sighed,
And with lack-lustred visage, thus replied:—
"A moment comes to every mortal, when
He must give place to younger, better men,
And the great secret in the race we run
Is to discover when we should have done,
Not vainly clinging to our mimic trade
Till friends may mourn o'er faculties decayed,
And sadly viewing, as we 'tempt the scene,
Merely the shadow of what once had been.
Like honest Dogberry, I've had my crosses,

And both in friends and pockets, heavy losses ;
 Many warm hearts who used my toils to cheer,
 And to advise them, are no longer here ;
 Many distinguished names, which brightly shone
 With generous kindness on my boyhood, gone.
 'Tis time to follow, and prepare for what
 You know, dear Paul, is every creature's lot."
 He paused—but silence oft expresses more
 Than ever oratory hit before ;
 And I retired, for I thought it rude
 Upon such serious feelings to intrude.
 I hear it said, the manager intends
 To-night, in person, to address his friends,
 And as you're all impatient for Mackay,
 I'll take my leave, trusting, you'll pardon Pry.
 For Murray's sake, you like him, so do I,
 And I will say, aye, and maintain it too,
 You can't regard him more than he does you.

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

OCTOBER 12, 1850.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I gladly appear before you, not only to return my thanks for the success which has attended the present season, but to offer my grateful acknowledgments for the unvarying kindness you have honoured me with through the long and somewhat arduous career which now so rapidly approaches its termination. Shakespeare says, that time gallops with a thief on his road to execution. I am sure he does with me, as I reluctantly draw near the moment which is to separate me from you ; for when I remember the time I first appeared before you, a boy of nineteen, and reflect upon the railway speed, the startling, the increasing velocity with which succeeding years have flown, and endeavour also to call to mind the events which have diversified and crowded them, my thoughts become tangled and confused—

“And long past scenes of joy and pain
 Come so bewildering o'er my brain”

that I, like my eloquent friend Sir Harry in “High Life below Stairs,” look back upon the future and anticipate the past,

in most admired disorder ; but, however changeful the seasons may have been, your kindly feeling towards me has ever been the same. When circumstances placed the management of this theatre in my hands, in comparatively the morning of my course, your considerate indulgence pardoned and retrieved the many mistakes of youth ; my morning brightened into noon, and your unwearied smiles still cheered my labours ; noon faded into evening, still you were at my side unchanged ; and now that evening is darkening into night, and I stand upon the threshold of my farewell season, the brilliant scene around me, and your kind reception of my humble efforts this evening, prove that your old servant still possesses your confidence and good opinion. During the one-and-forty years I have already passed in your service, your smiles have been many, your frowns few—for both of which I thank you ; your smiles animated me to redoubled exertions, your frowns, like friendly beacons, warned me what to avoid. I have every reason to be proud of the names which fostered my early course—I was honoured with the regards of a Siddons and a Kemble, and more than honoured with the favour of Sir Walter Scott ; but, ladies and gentlemen, I am more proud of the audience before whom my course has run. I am not going to offend your good taste by any fulsome compliments, but you must be fully aware that the approval of an Edinburgh audience is one among the brightest garlands an actor can obtain, especially as you are proverbial for not lightly or hastily bestowing favours, as you are for not capriciously withdrawing them when once conferred.

Some two or three-and-thirty years since, when I first tried my 'prentice han' on these addresses, which you have ever so good-naturedly welcomed, I delivered one in the character of Sergeant Kite, soliciting your aid in a time of great depression. The conclusion ran thus :—

“Cheered by these hopes, your Sergeant keeps the field,
Though sorely pressed, he yet disdains to yield ;
As Jaquez says, to play you many parts,
Attention, ever is his wish to please,
Till time shall say, ‘Old Murray, *stand at ease*.’ ”

Time has kept his word, as he generally does in these matters, and I trust I have been found equally faithful in the promised attention to the duties of my situation. I must solicit your patience a few minutes more, while I repeat my acknowledgments for the success of this season, which—owing to your

support, the attractions of Mr Aldridge, Mr and Mrs Keeley, Miss Isaacs, Mrs Fitzwilliam, and Mr Buckstone; aided by the talent and kind exertions of my regular company, which I feel great pleasure in thus publicly acknowledging; and last, not least, my clever friends the monkeys—has been the most profitable I have known for many summers. You will smile, ladies and gentlemen, when I tell you that my engagement of the monkeys was swayed by a remembrance of my earliest master, John Kemble. Seeing me depressed one evening by the difficulties which then surrounded the Theatre, he kindly said, “Pshaw! Will, don’t despond; something will start up, either a great actor, or a learned dog, or a facetious monkey, and it’s of little consequence which, so long as the public is pleased.” His words recurred to me when the monkeys were proposed and engaged, and as I saw the crowds they attracted, I could not help thinking

“ ’Twas the sunset of life gave him mystical lore,
And coming events cast their *monkeys* before.”

On Monday, ladies and gentlemen, I purpose leaving for London, in hopes of making such arrangements for my last season as may merit the continuation of your favour, and when the final moment comes, and my professional place shall know me no more, I shall be amply repaid for all my labours, if you now and then bestow a thought upon your old and faithful servant, and with the madcap Prince of Wales, kindly think

“You could have better spared a better man.”

Ladies and gentlemen, with grateful feelings for the past, and ardent wishes for your continued health and happiness, until the 9th of November, I respectfully take my leave.

—o—

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON.

NOVEMBER 9, 1850.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

“Prythee, Mackenzie, your Cremona stop,
While I solicit custom for the shop—
I’ll be as brief as possible—and then
Resume your polkas and quadrilles again.
I own inward fears my old heart flutters
While taking, for the last time, down my shutters
And opening our Mimic Store. I court
For my concluding winter your support;

You'll deem them, per'aps, unnecessary fears
 After a servitude of forty years.
 But there's a saddened feeling few can stifle
 At finally performing e'en a trifle;
 Then wonder not your manager looks blue
 As he approaches a divorce from you—
 And let me add, friends, from your pockets too. }
 They say, the income-tax next session ceases,
 I'm sure mine will, when I give up my leases;
 Losing the power to draw bills each night,
 Which your good-nature honours before sight.
 But greater ills, with more portentous gleam,
 Glare o'er my waking thoughts—distract each dream.
 Last night, (assuming a tragic tone), reclining on my truckle
 bed,
 A fearful vision darkened round my head;
 Methought a sudden burst of war's alarms
 Sounded "To horse!" and summoned me to arms!
 But ere I could my panoply regain
 Two rival potentates usurped the plain—
 Two Genii of the Ring, ruling the hour,
 Like centaurs of unlimited horse-power.
 "For England" one, "For France" the other cries,
 "Cooke" and "Franconi" echoed through the skies;
 Steed threatened steed, with high and boastful neighing,
 Drums, trumpets, clowns, trombones, together braying,
 'Till, midst their nightly struggles, noise, and worry,
 I saw, as 'tween two stools, down go poor Murray.
 When I beheld the little Trojan fall,
 My brains began to wander past recall.
 It seemed "The state of the world was now undone,"
 Or else the competition had begun
 In dreaded "Eighteen hundred and fifty-one,"
 Where foreign talent all combined to rout us,
 Had taught assembled worlds to do without us,
 Forcing poor "Bull" to shut up shop and roam
 Far o'er Atlantic waves to find a home.
 A bull myself, in dreams I trudged along,
 And sadly joined the emigrating throng;
 Yet feeling, could I once more get before ye,
 Your well-known smiles and plaudits would restore me.

Lo! at those sounds, the vision flies anon—
 Shadows, avaunt! Murray's awake again.
 Once more in arms, again I dare the field;
 "Live and let live," the motto of my shield.
 I ask but of your patronage a share,
 There's still enough for all and some to spare;
 Should I deserve your aid you won't refuse it,
 If not, I shall at least deserve to lose it.
 To win, I'll nail my colours to the mast,
 But should I lose, then make my bow at last,
 Whate'er the present, grateful for the past.

—o—

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

NOVEMBER 30, 1850.

RENEWAL OF MR RANGER'S ENGAGEMENT.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I solicit your attention for a few minutes whilst I announce the re-engagement of Mr Ranger for next week, and I gladly take the opportunity of publicly thanking that gentleman for so kindly extending his assistance, after the disappointments of a fortnight, which, owing to the powerful opposition the theatre is now subjected to, has been anything but profitable. Still, when I reflect upon the great applause with which you constantly honour his talented personations, I cannot but indulge the hope that his ensuing nights will be more fortunate. If there is any truth in the adage that "the darkest hour precedes the dawn," our morning of success must be near, and no one will more gratefully welcome its earliest beams than your humble servant. They say, 'tis not a wise policy to acknowledge failures, I am sure 'tis a more honest one than to boast fictitious successes; and as I feel certain that the Edinburgh audience will not suffer the last season of their old servant to end in loss, I shall not suffer myself to be dispirited by temporary reverses, but, persevering in my efforts, await, patiently and cheerfully, "the good time coming."

—o—

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

MARCH 10, 1851.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

(Theatre-Royal.)

Most worshipful!—but, ha!—am I awake?
How, Tyler—Warder—hast thou dared to take
Such freedoms with our ancient, sacred law,
As hitherward e'en ladies, too, to draw?
Hast dared expose our secret mysteries,
Bribed by the brightness in those radiant eyes?
Most worshipful!—I really must protest
The Tyler's wrong—yet, no—'tis for the best—
This meeting's free to all who now attend
To take a last look of a grateful friend!
An open "Lodge" my brothers here convene,
And bring our sisters, too, to grace the scene.
For here, in brilliant orders, you reveal
One secret, which e'en masons can't conceal.
'Tis this, whate'er we be, without pretence,
The mason's true sign is—Benevolence.
A veteran actor, leaving now the ranks
Where he, it may be, oft hath played queer pranks,
To you, his chief of patrons, gives his thanks;
And, ere his managerial work is o'er,
Has asked to see his best of friends once more.
The taper, flickering, to its socket nigh,
One lustrous flash will sometimes throw on high—
Its latest effort—such perchance the flame
Which glows and warms my heart at your acclaim;
For though, as brother, I may hope to greet you,
As manager I never more shall meet you;
Ne'er tell again how oft masonic aid
This theatre from heavy loss has stayed—
When times were dull, and tiny scant receipt
Toiled vainly the expenditure to meet—
When each expedient in its turn would fail—
With heart as heavy as my cheek is pale,
To you, at last, I bear my woeful tale.
At once—the Grand Lodge meets—the mandate's given—
Mason on mason, by their kindness driven,

Crowd to the rescue, and I'm raised to heaven.
 Thus have we struggled on—now bad—now better—
 (Though ne'er so good as when we get "your letter;")
 But worn by years, and still the nightly fetter,
 The old man seeks repose—yet in his course,
 He humbly hopes his Theatre is no worse
 Than when he first received it, his chief aim,
 To please the public, and maintain the name
 Of Scotland's Drama—to keep before the eye
 The mighty efforts that should never die
 Of Scott and Shakespeare, and his recompense—
 His best return in every grateful sense
 Is such a scene as this—rank—worth—and beauty—
 It almost makes me think "I've done my duty."
 Yet conscience bids me ask you to be blind
 To failings;—yes, you will—you are so kind—
 And when, with faltering heart, I speak my last adieu,
 'Twill beat with ceaseless, changeless, gratitude to you.

—o—

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

MARCH 15, 1851.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE JUDGES OF THE COURT OF
 SESSION, AND MEMBERS OF THE BAR.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Proud as I ever feel of the honour of appearing before you, I must own that I am more than gratified at your present summons, as it affords me not only an opportunity of thanking all who have favoured me with their support this evening, but also of offering my most sincere and grateful acknowledgments to those distinguished personages who have honoured me with their patronage on this occasion. It is not often that a man appears before the bar of his country with such pleasurable feelings as I do now, but it is easier to feel gratitude, than to find words for its adequate expression; for you may conceive how very highly I prize an honour which tells me that, during a long and arduous career, my conduct has not forfeited the approbation of such a body as the Bar of Scotland. I will not detain you, ladies and gentlemen, by vainly attempting what I feel myself incapable of. Oblige your old servant by imagining what he ought to say on

such an occasion, and be assured that no imagination, not even yours, could exceed the fervour of the language I would use had I power to express the deep and lasting gratitude the compliment you have paid me this evening has inspired me with. Ladies and gentlemen, I request your pardon for the inefficiency of my attempt, and again, most sincerely, and most gratefully thanking you, respectfully take my leave.

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

MAY 23, 1851.

(*Theatre-Royal.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Shakespeare has been truly said to have written for all time, and I believe there are few occasions on which a man cannot profitably avail himself of the language of that immortal bard. Thus, on the present occasion, I shall, slightly varying the text, commence my address in the words of Old Adam in “As You Like It,” saying—

“From nineteen years of age till now, threescore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At nineteen years many their fortunes seek,
But at threescore it is too old a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to leave honestly, and no man's debtor.”

That recompense your kindness has secured to me. I make no claims to merit as an actor or a manager, but I own I am proud of the unvarying and inflexible integrity with which your support has enabled this establishment to meet its engagements under the most adverse and trying circumstances; an integrity equalled by few theatres—surpassed by none. A somewhat early advertisement, over which I had no control, made my proposed retirement from management so long a matter of public notoriety, that I fear, like other “coming events, it cast its shadows before,” and has so frequently saddened and tinged the tone of my late addresses, that you must have likened me to Prior's thief, who, on his road to the gallows,

“Adjusted his halter, and traversed the cart,
Full often took leave, yet was loath to depart.”

I own the resemblance—I am extremely loath to say farewell, deeply reluctant to part with those who have been for two-and-forty years my

“Very constant and approved good masters.”

The very walls of this old building add to my regret, and by their "whispers of the past," recall bygone years, when the grey-headed gentleman before you was first given, a mere stripling, to your notice by a much-loved and respected sister. With such remembrances,

"As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend."

There is not a worn-out buckler behind these old scenes which does not recall, as if by instinct, and "instinct is a great matter," some thoughts of honest Jack Falstaff—"Jack to you, but Sir John to the rest of the world"—not a red wig that does not laugh in my face at the simplicities of "William of the Forest," or the mad tricks of that imp of mischief, "Tony Lumpkin"—not a grey hair that does not embody some thoughts of "poor old Grandfather Whitehead." The very boards beneath me "prate of my whereabouts," and speak to me of the years when I trod them in the presence of a Siddons, an O'Neill, the Kembles, the Keans, Fawcett, Young, Macready, Bannister, Dowton, Johnstone, Emery, Liston, Mathews, Terry, Braham, and, though last not least, those kindred spirits of song, Miss Stephens and your own Wilson, who poured forth the heart-stirring ballads of the "Land of the Mountain and the Flood," with all the fire of genius and the very soul of melody. With these vivid recollections, and I trust not faded powers, it has been asked of me why I retire? I reply, as I did at the conclusion of last winter, your applause has alone given a value to my performances, and I would not linger here till the infirmities of age might so diminish my claims to your approbation, that my efforts would only "claim respect for what they had been." I have struggled thro' six of Shakespeare's "Seven ages"—have been the "whining schoolboy"—"the sighing lover"—"the bearded soldier"—"the justice,"

"In fair round belly with good capon lined"—
have pourtrayed "The lean and slippered Pantaloon," but would not pain you by realising that "last scene of all," the

"Second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

I fear my over tendency to prattle this evening, savours a little

too much of the old man already: but I must crave you to bear with me a few minutes longer, while I again "*traverse my cart*," and express my great gratification at having my last season here aided by the distinguished talents of my kind and valued friend Mackay—long may his graphic and inimitable delineations of Scottish character be spared to us. To the whole body of my performers I owe my heartfelt thanks for their constant kindness and assistance—I shall leave them with great regret, and the most ardent wishes for their happiness and success; and to every member of this establishment, high and low, I publicly tender my thanks. To that distinguished master of his art, Mr John Kemble, and his illustrious sister, Mrs Siddons, my youth was deeply indebted. My respectful and grateful veneration for the memory of my patron, Sir Walter Scott, is too well known to need repetition. There is another person, not so well known to you, ladies and gentlemen, but to whose instructions I owe so much, that I should be highly ungrateful if, on an occasion like the present, I did not express my thanks to my earliest master, Mr Charles Farley of London, to whose exquisite taste and great ability in the production of spectacle the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden, owed much of its prosperity. I am sure it will please Mr Farley to find that his favourite pupil gratefully remembers and acknowledges his kindness. One name yet lingers on my tongue, in any compliment to which I am sure you will most cordially join, when I mention that of the late Sir William Allan. He honoured me with the most brotherly affection, guided me by his counsels, often aided me by his transcendent talent, and I own it was his death which decided my resigning management. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have but one duty to perform, though how to discharge that duty—the expression of the debt of gratitude I owe to you—I know not. The unfading popularity you have honoured me with for upwards of forty years has been, in its duration and intensity, almost, if not quite unparalleled in theatrical annals. I proudly, gratefully acknowledge it, though I feel that I owe it to your kindness more than any merit of my own. I boasted at the commencement of this address, that I should retire "no man's debtor." I spoke hastily, and ask you to excuse me—I must to my latest moments remain yours, unless, in mitigation, you can think with Milton, that

"A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays—at once
Indebted and discharged."

Ladies and gentlemen, if, in the course of my long management of your theatre, I have to any one given offence, I respectfully ask their pardon; and with the most sincere prayers that every blessing and happiness may long be showered upon you and yours, your old and faithful servant sighs forth—Farewell.

—o—

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

MR MURRAY'S FINAL ADDRESS.

(*Adelphi.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It was within these walls that, on the 10th of November 1809, I had the honour of making my first appearance before you, and it is within the same walls that I again appear before you, endeavouring to express to you the deep and grateful sense I entertain of all the kindness, the consideration, the forbearance you have evinced towards me, during my long and motley course of two-and-forty years, and to perform the melancholy duty of saying farewell to those I have so much reason to love and to respect. As many may remember, my earliest efforts here were anything but successful, and I have great reason to rejoice that they were not. My father was an actor of distinguished talent in London, and so great a favourite with the public and his professional brethren, that on my entrance into the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden, under the auspices of Mr Kemble, I was so petted and favoured, on my father's account, that I came before you with all the levity and conceit natural to a boy of nineteen. But your frowns, and the darkness of my reception here, taught me to know myself, and to discover that I was not "the admirable Crichton" I had vainly imagined. With determined industry, and doggedly, as Dr Johnson says, I set myself to remedy my defects. You for a time, persisted in your disapprobation—I was resolute in my efforts to improve; you hissed—I laboured, until I fairly won your smiles, and you began kindly to regard the stripling who strove so unremittingly to please you. To be brief, I rose in your favour. Painful circumstances made me the manager of your theatres; and while, like others in my situation, I could wish undone many things which have been done, and have left unat-

tempted many others I could have wished performed, yet, considering the names of the great artists I yearly brought before you, the talents of the resident company, the merits of the pieces annually produced, and the manner in which they were brought forward, I do not think the court before which I have the honour of pleading will refuse me their verdict of approbation. To my successors in the management of the two theatres I wish, sincerely wish, every prosperity they can wish themselves. They will profit by my blunders; they are both in the prime of life, both of distinguished talent in their profession, both highly popular; and I earnestly desire for them

“Calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Their mimic fleets far off”—

wafting them into the havens of a golden fortune. To my professional brethren I feel deeply indebted for their kind and gratifying aid on this occasion. To Mr Glover I owe many acts of liberal kindness, and I feel great pleasure in acknowledging my obligations towards him. By Mr Lloyd's kind assistance I am peculiarly obliged, as it proves the cordial feelings of regard which exist between us. I have further to thank him for his great courtesy in postponing the opening of the Theatre-Royal until after the engagement of the Miss Batemans here. To your distinguished favourite, Mr Powrie, I owe many, many thanks. But what shall I say to my old, tried, and valued friend, Mr Mackay, who, as he once by his talents, saved the Theatre-Royal, has this season, by the attraction of his unfading abilities, greatly diminished the losses the Crystal Palace had entailed upon me—

“We have clamb the hill thegither,
And now are toddlin' down”—

but I earnestly hope that while we remain on the pages of “the world's volume,” the *Bailie* and the *Major* may cling together in the firmest bonds of friendship, for the sake of “Auld Langsyne.”

To the performers, orchestra, and servants of this establishment, I return my best thanks for their constant kindness to me, and cannot refrain from expressing the great pride and gratification I feel at the splendid testimony of their affection and regard with which they honoured me this morning; and also offer my grateful acknowledgments to the trustees and share-

holders of this theatre for their unvarying liberality and attention, and I trust they will not think that the reputation of the Adelphi has suffered in my hands.

And now, my kind and liberal patrons, 'tis time for me to furl my professional sails, and say farewell to those to whom

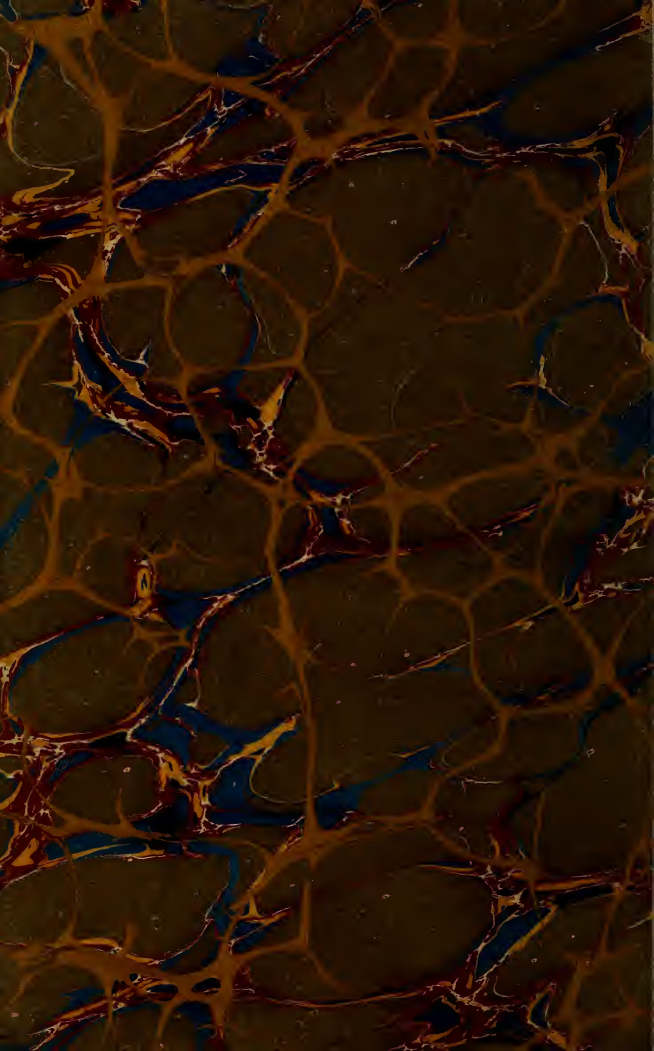
"All my service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against the honours deep and broad"

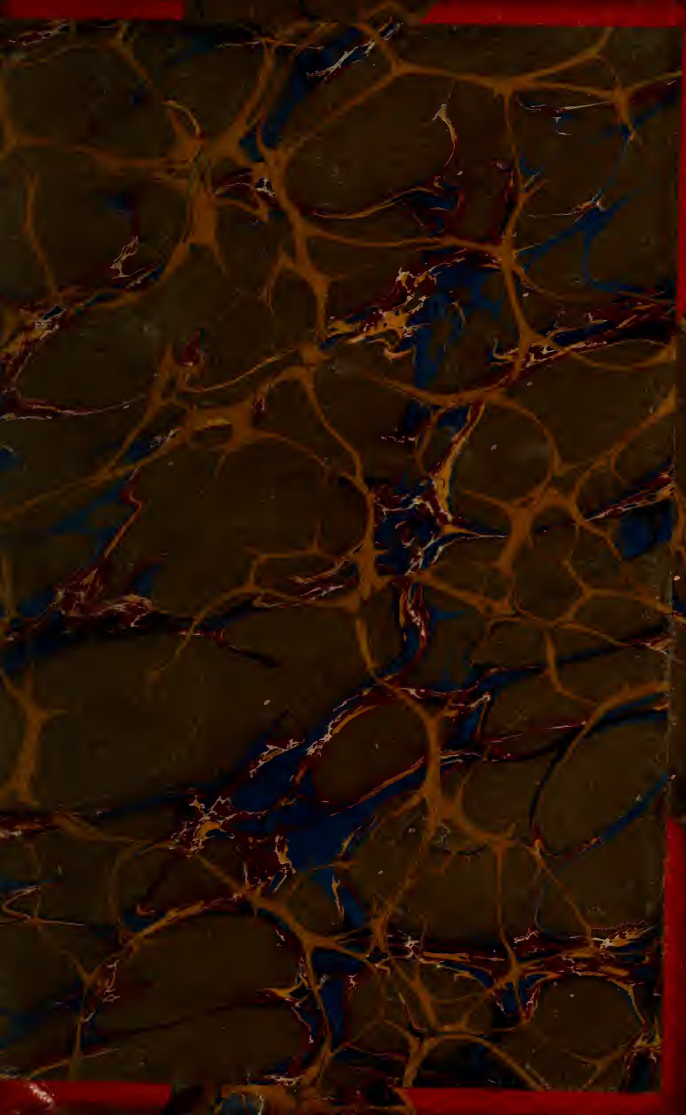
you've showered on me. Some of my friends have led me to hope that rest and retirement may so restore me to my former self, that I may occasionally revisit the "glimpses of our theatrical moon." Should that hope be denied me, and this, indeed, be the last appearance I shall ever have the honour of making before you, be assured, that though the years of your old servant be allowed to "stretch into extremest age," the last, the most cherished worldly recollection that trembles on his fading memory, will be the evenings he has spent in your service, and, above all, that in which he now again thanks the brilliant assemblage before him for many, many years of kindness, and with deep, respectful, and fervent gratitude, bids you—FAREWELL.

FINIS.









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